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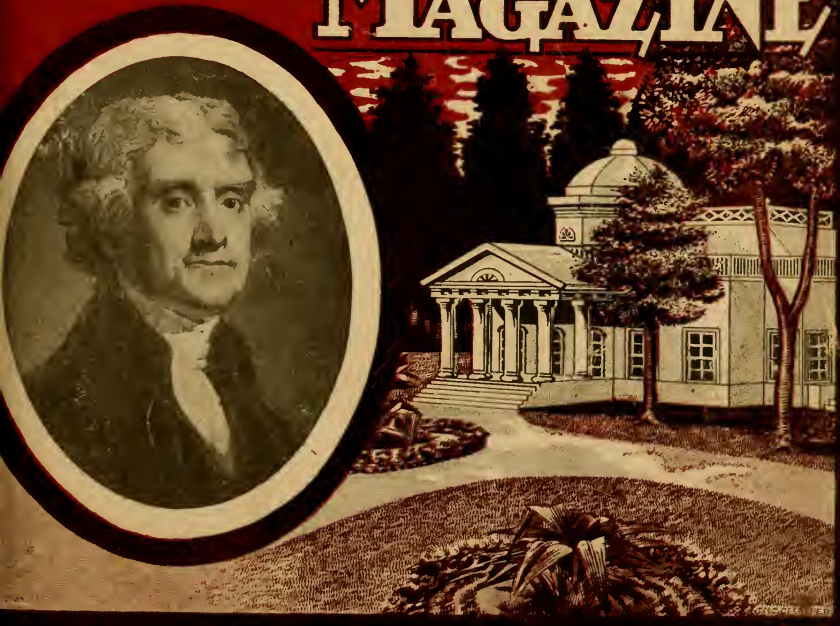

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TRAINING THE CABINET BIRDS

The Instructor—"Now, Then, All Together: 'It Is the Best Tariff the Country Has Ever Had.'"

—*Harper's Weekly.*

EDITORIALS

By THOS. E. WATSON

SOCIALISTS AND SOCIALISM

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CONCLUDING CHAPTER.

THERE are, in America, peculiarly insurmountable obstacles to Socialism.

The presence of ten or twelve millions of negroes, who in some of the States constitute a majority of the population, renders it absolutely impossible for communism to enter here. Such a gospel as that which proclaims the "emancipation of woman" from "marriage slavery", and which makes for the glorious change under which no child could prove who begot it, can make no headway in this country, outside of the big cities. And racial equality, so attractive a delusion to the European and Northern Socialist, can never take root in the land of the negro, and the low-caste immigrant.

There is another reason why the genuine doctrine of Socialism cannot be introduced into the United States: land is plentiful and cheap, *and will remain so.* The abandoned farm of New England, of New York, and of the older portions of the South is the unanswerable argument against the Socialist ravings about "Land monopoly". Access to land? It can be had in rural communities without the least difficulty. Any real estate dealer can lay before you a long list of properties which you can purchase at less than the value of the improvements. This fact is notorious, indisputable. Therefore, *the land costs nothing.* Texas and Oklahoma have millions of acres of school land, to be sold at low rates and on long terms.

There are, in the Southern States, as many acres of swamp and overflowed land, easily reclaimable, as we now have in cultivation. By drainage, which is now in progress, we will add hundreds of millions of acres to the arable area. By irrigation (a mistaken policy for the present) other millions will be added to those in cultivation. To the National Forest Reserve, 173,000,000 acres *were added*, by Gifford Pinchot. And when the dredging of the Florida Everglades is completed, several million families will be able to find homes and farms in what has been a realm of mystery and desolation. Then there are, of course, the almost boundless supplies of land that lie under water in the States of the East, North and West, to say nothing of huge Canadian wilds and Mexican wastes which must wait long for home and farm-makers.

If the Socialist theory about land were correct, you would see the Roths-

childs, the Rockefellers, the Morgans, the Harrimans, the Vanderbilts, the Guggenheims, buying up land, to hold for speculative prices. These kings of high finance do not invest their money in real estate, either in the city or country. They secure control of the supply of money, of the corporations which enjoy the privilege of taxing commerce, of power sites and coal deposits, of gold mines and oil wells, of stocks and bonds. *By owning such properties as these, and by controlling legislation, THESE CAPITALISTS FARM THE MAN WHO OWNS THE LAND.* The Steel Trust alone, earns larger profits, every year, than the millions of people engaged in agricultural pursuits have ever earned any year since the Civil War. The people of this country are taxed for dividends on $12,000,000,000 of fictitious capitalization in railroad stocks and bonds. At least $50,000,000 of the annual revenue of the United States Steel Company is nothing but loot, made possible by the robber tariff enacted by Congress *for the purpose.* The same thing is true of the Sugar Trust, and scores of others. *The stocks and bonds which represent no actual investment of money at all, but upon which our infernal system of legislation compels us to pay interest, amounts at the lowest calculation, to twenty-four billion dollars.* The exploiters of Special Privilege confiscate by infamous laws, and convert to their own use, *all* of the annual increase of wealth. Besides this, the privileged are steadily absorbing the wealth produced by the generations that went before us. In other words, the unprotected masses lose to the protected class a larger percentage of their inherited property, every year.

But they don't want the burden and responsibility of owning the land. They may purchase princely domains for game preserves, and to enjoy a semi-royal exclusiveness in their palatial homes; but they do not add farm to farm and create a monopoly, as they do when gobbling railroads, mines, coal-fields, power-sites, banks, manufacturing establishments, telegraph and telephone companies. No, indeed: they leave the landowner to worry over the troubles of proprietorship, and they systematically rob him of all his profits.

While editing the New York *Watson's*, I made the statement that there is no difference, in principle, between the private ownership of a cow, and the private ownership of a cow-lot. Thereat the Dervishes tore their hair, howled, and began to whirl. One of them, (Herbert Bigelow, of Cincinnati,) announced in the newspapers his intention of preaching a sermon, the next Sabbath, in refutation of my silly statement. In due course, he kept his word, and made hash out of me, to his own profound satisfaction.

His favorite illustration was, the advance in price of a city block. Referring to a lot in St. Louis, he stated that the cow did not sell at so much per front foot as the lot did. To his surprise and chagrin, I *demonstrated that beef, in New York and Chicago, had outstripped real estate in the upward rush of prices!* With mathematical precision, you can prove that steak, as sold in the restaurants of the cities, is costlier than the costliest lot within the corporate limits.

Remember that title to land extends downward and reaches upward indefinitely, and remember how a sky-scraper is built, with several stories beneath the surface and fifteen or twenty above: then calculate the number of pounds of beef which would be required to fill the space; and then calculate its value, at restaurant prices! *You will be astonished at the result.*

The fact is, that *FARM-LAND IS THE CHEAPEST PROPERTY IN AMERICA.* Of all the necessaries of life, it is the most accessible to mankind—excepting the air we breathe and the water we drink. On Staten Island, near New York City, lies vacant land

that has lain untilled for many years; and in other portions of the same great State lie deserted farms which can be bought for a song. Could you prevail on a Socialist to quit wagging his tongue about "Land monopoly", and buckle down to work, on some of that unoccupied soil? Never. He has his eye glued to the Astor estate, and his mouth waters for a slice of *that*. He doesn't mean to leave the hurly-burly of the human hive, and go out to the lonesome country to dig for a living. No, no: he has a horror of farm drudgery, and of rural silence and solitude. It would take a dray-horse and a half-inch hemp-rope to pull *him* out of town. And if you should drag him forth into the country, he wouldn't stay. He'd get back to New York or Chicago, if he had to stump it, on one leg. To some people, the glare, the noise, the human interest of a large city is irresistibly fascinating, and your genuine Socialist has municipalitis in its acutest form.

This leads me to remind you of another thing: *Socialism is an urban epidemic. It is peculiar to great cities. The true doctrine makes no progress whatever in small towns and agricultural districts. Every one of the Socialist books addresses itself to city workmen and municipal conditions.* St. Simon, Fourier, Marx, Engels, La Salle, Gorky, Bebel, Sinclair, Brisbane, Debs, Shaw,—in fact, every one of the recognized authorities on Socialism appears to ignore the entire industrial world, excepting the mills, the mines, the stock-yards, the department-stores, and the sweat-shops.

The "real thing" Socialism *was not meant for the farming classes, at all.* Hence, the bungling and blundering of the *Rip-Saw* and the *Appeal to Reason* in trying to fashion an urban creed to fit rural ideals. It would excite scorn and derision, were it not that it has deceived so many thousands of honest Populists, Democrats and Republicans in the South and West. The farmers of the North and East live in close touch with the cities and they know what Socialism is, *in the cities*. Aware of its true character, they will have none of it.

Another reason why Socialism can never prevail in this country is, that *independence* is an almost universal trait of American character. Deep down in your soul, is the resentment of *dictation*. You want to choose your own vocation, your own mode of living, your own domicile. You want to work *when* you please, *how* you please and *where* you please. Unless you can do so, you are not contented. *The desire* to be your own master is in you, struggling for expansion, like the wound-up spring which runs a piece of mechanism. Comparatively few men are so coerced by circumstances that they are wholly bereft of control of their own conduct. Comparatively few are deprived of freedom in the choice of work, manner of life and place of residence.

Under Socialism, individual liberty, in such matters, would be swept away. "Society", acting through Captains of Industry chosen by some system of selection, *would exert despotic control over you.* What work should be yours, how you should do it, where you should labor, the place of your abode—all such questions would be decided by others, not by yourself. *The most distasteful task might be assigned you, and you'd have to do it.*

What is mankind's greatest trouble now, as it has ever been? It is *the inability of the human race to put its best men into places of trust, honor and power.* Bad men are constantly securing these positions, and perpetually using them to the injury of the people. But Socialism, neglectful of the awful experience of humanity in this particular, is proposing to invest the rulers with tremendous prerogatives which the imperial Cæsars never sought, which Oriental despotism never

dreamed of, and *which only a just God could properly administer.*

What right have they to assume that they can master a problem in politics which baffled the Wise Men of Greece, the sages of Rome, the profoundest thinkers of antiquity and of modern times? They propose to give to their Captains vaster powers than Mogul emperor, or African king, or the mystic founders of religions ever arrogated to themselves—and *they do it with an optimistic levity equal to that of the little mischievous boy who sticks a match to something, just to see it burn.* Indeed, there runs a childish ignorance of patent facts and elemental human traits throughout the entire literature of Socialism. It actually recalled to my mind the idle pastime that we youngsters used to indulge in, when we were boys and girls: we would tell each other what we *would like to have*, if, *by wishing*, we could get what we most desired.

There is one question which is a particularly sore trial to the temper of the average Socialist. *Just ask him who will do the nasty work, under Socialism, and you'll see the circus begin a performance, right there and then.* It makes them awfully verbose, emphatic and violent. And, of course, they can't answer it. *They can duck and dodge, evade and parry; but they can't answer.* Under Socialism, certain men and women would be imperatively commanded to do the disagreeable work; and they would have to do it. Thus, the poet might have to clean out the stable, and the architect might have to dig a well; the carpenter might be compelled to go to the sewers, and the eloquent lady-lecturer might be ordered to the kitchen. If you will concentrate your thoughts on the subject, you will easily call to mind various other dirty work that *you* could not possibly do. And if you are a normal man, you will decide once for all, that *you never intend to embrace a doctrine which, if put into practice, would rob you of every particle of control over your own labor.*

There is one very familiar illustration which will convince you that Socialism was never meant to apply to rural conditions, and that it cannot be so adjusted as to fit them. This is the well-known fact, *that the need for farm-help varies with the seasons of the year.* No uniformity can be established, as in manufacturing and commercial pursuits. In the cotton-fields a great increase in the labor force is indispensable during the chopping, hoeing, and picking seasons. In the other sections of the Union, the increased demand for workers comes on at the time of the planting and the harvest. *In none of the agricultural occupations is it possible to profitably employ the same amount of labor for the whole year.*

Now, how could Socialism deal with that problem? It would find the difficulty insurmountable. Under our system, the varying demand for toilers on the farm is met *automatically.* When additional hands are needed, they are drawn from other sources. The idle of the towns and villages are tempted into activity, by the coincidence of good wages, good weather and plenty of companionship. The cook, the lot-boy, the house-girl, the hired man, *break their contracts*, leave the housekeeper in the lurch, and go to the fields to earn three times as much per day, as they were getting during the Winter and early Spring for their monthly wages. They remained at the work, during the bad weather, enjoying the good eating and the comfortable shelter, which indoor work and jobs-about-the-house afford. But when the call-of-the-country comes, in May and June, good-bye to the indoor life. Even the washer-woman drops your laundry, and hies to the cotton patch.

During the push time of the hoe work, the negroes cash-in a sufficiency to carry them to the ripening of black and whortle berries, after which comes

the cotton-picking season. Then they are in clover, again.

A commercial orchard is another good example: so is a truck farm. One or two men will suffice for these, some months; whereas scores of boys and adults are not enough during the period of gathering, assorting, crating, and shipping. In fact, the orange orchards, the tomato fields, the grapefruit groves, etc., are practically deserted part of the year. At other times, a small army of workers is engaged in a strenuous rush to cope with the absolute necessities of a brief but imperative demand for labor.

How could the Socialist rulers deal with a crisis like that? How would communism meet sudden emergencies on the farm, in the commercial orchard, in the tobacco field, in the beet and cane industries, in the melon and trucking business? It would break down utterly, in the effort to do it.

Under Utopianism (another name for their day-dreaming) every one able to work, *must* work, or starve. Neither able-bodied vagrancy, nor accumulation of individual wealth is to be tolerated. Every man and woman will be usefully employed, earning a livelihood, working for Society. Every toiler will be assigned to his post by the Captains of Industry. When will the Captains issue their orders? Will it be at the beginning of the year? Let us suppose so. Then everybody will get his job handed out to him in January, and he will be busy on it when the farms cry for help. *From what source can the Captains draw the industrial troops to feed the firing line which is in distress? There is no surplus of labor, anywhere. No troops have been held in reserve.*

Workers cannot be sent away from the stores, the mills, the domestic service without the breaking of contracts and the infliction of great damage upon other portions of the common property. If we are to be permitted to hire servants, under Socialism, it would be wrong to compel us to surrender them before the contractual term is ended. If we are not to be allowed servants, all will work for Society, and all will be occupied with their tasks when the demands for a great increase of workers arises in the agricultural pursuits mentioned.

What would be the ultimate loss to Society, in the ordering of hundreds of thousands of men and women from mining, mechanical and manufacturing pursuits to the farms? *Who is to decide what industries shall suffer temporary suspension? Who will be clothed with despotic authority to order his fellowmen to and fro about the earth, dropping their work, here, and taking it up, yonder?* And suppose you are commanded to leave the shop, or the mine, or the store, to go into the cotton patch, the wheat field, the truck farm, or the peach orchard, *and that you don't want to go!* Can you be coerced? If so, how? And if you can be forced to drop a task that suits you —one that is congenial to you in all respects—and to take up a line of work that is thoroughly distasteful to you, what becomes of your freedom of action? That would be an end to your liberty, would it not? Can you picture a state of things more fraught with abuses, imposition, despotic arbitrariness? *Suppose your enemy got in power—you'd be in a dickens of a fix, wouldn't you?*

Let the Socialists take either horn of the dilemma: if they say that their Captains shall have the compulsory direction of laborers from one industry to another, we have them on the hip. Such an unheard-of dictation, by Society to the individual, *can only be enforced by an organized police, constabulary, or standing army.* That must be perfectly apparent to all who know what human nature is. And it must be equally self-evident that such a despotic control of individuals by those in control would establish the most tremendous monopoly of power

ever known to the world. That it would be abused, would become insufferable, and would be overthrown in a revolutionary revulsion of public opinion, is as certain as anything could be. *The great white Teutonic race will never bend its neck to such a slavery.* . But suppose they answer by saying that Socialism will not give the Captains the power to coerce. In that case, as you can see at a glance, *they will be unable to answer the call for auxiliary troops, in the crises of agricultural pursuits.* The automatic way in which our own system supplies those temporary and imperative demands having been abolished, there would be no substitutes to take its place. Socialism would have given every one a congenial job; and when the agriculturist yelled for assistance, his cries would pass unheeded.

There is still another overshadowing reason why Socialism will never capture anything but the cities. *The rural property-owner is going to cling to his land—GUN IN HAND, if necessary.* Paris and Marseilles and Toulouse may pulsate with Socialism, *but the French peasants repulse the doctrine.* They own their little farms—tens of thousands of them—and they detest the very thought of letting them go to a lot of city ranters, few of whom have any rational conception of what is the cause of their discontent, and none of whom could be induced to do the work of the home-owning peasant. *So it is in other parts of Europe: THE COUNTRY PEOPLE HAVE NOT TOUCHED SOCIALISM.*

In the United States, there are thousands of home-owners who have had *old-fashioned democracy* presented to them, under the name of Socialism; and they have embraced it. They are as yet intensely irritated at my alleged "unfairness" and "misrepresentations". They will learn, in due time, that I have been rendering them, as well as others, a valuable service by letting them know *to what destination is bound the train they have taken.*

Editors, like those of the *Appeal*, who are driven to the desperate extremity of disowning Herr Bebel, *the supreme, world-figure among the leaders of Socialism*, furnish evidence of the correctness of my contention. They know, as well as I do, that when our farmers come to realize what the loathsome doctrine of Socialism actually is, they will drop it, as they would any other thing that is obscene, filthy and socially ruinous.

* * * *

With a resolution which nothing can shake, *I take my stand for the ideals of the Old South.* For the law and order which makes for the equitable distribution of prosperity, I will work until the curtain falls, as hard as the grand statesmen of ante-bellum years worked for them. "*WE HAVE NO POOR.*" cried Legare, McDuffie and Calhoun. They told the God's truth. Under the democracy of Jefferson and Jackson and Benton, *breadlines and armies of unemployed were impossible.* Those noble-hearted, great-minded men *did not frame up Dingley and Aldrich tariffs to enable one class to steal from the others.* They did not form a copartnership between the rich men and the national treasury. *They did not pack the Senate and the Cabinet with rascally lawyers.* They did not establish a secret alliance between the Pope and the United States Government. They did not go in for an imitation of European aristocracy, caste-legislation and militarism. *They did not surrender the sovereign power to create money.* They did not consider it an honor to mortgage and remortgage the republic with bond issues. They did not keep $150,000,000 of idle gold in the treasury, *to remove it from competition with a Morgan money-trust.* They did not make war on Spain for the purpose of surrendering the gem of the Antilles to a horde of negroes; nor did they shed

precious blood in the Philippines, in the interest of the Sugar Trust and the Catholic hierarchy.

No, indeed! The magnificent Southern leaders—*whose mantle I pray God may yet descend upon shoulders worthy to wear!* spent their days in anxious thought and earnest labor for the welfare of the country, the happiness of their fellow-men.

Here, I choose my ground: *here*, I form my line of battle: *here*, I fly the flag of revolt against misrule and public corruption. *And the people are going to come, sooner or later.* I may not live to see it. My heart may be dust, long before the good times return—yet *nothing but a voice from on high could make me waver in the belief that the Southern ideals will come again.* They must, or the last of the great republics is doomed. But the people are coming.

Almost as the sick girl of the beleaguered and despairing city caught the distant drone of the bagpipes, and cried, "*The Campbells are coming*", so a great, uplifting faith wells within me, and sustains me in the fight that I am making. Our Lucknow has been sorely beset; but I can catch the steady foot-beat of the determined men who are marching to the rescue. Thieves have defiled the temple and traitors have been rioting in the rich rewards of treason but, by the splendor of God! *honest men are not all dead.*

The Civil War brought its demoralization, as well as its havoc and slaughter; *but the flood-mark of rascality in high places has been attained. The muck-tide is falling. The Trusts have overreached themselves.* They have gone too far. When such swine as those now in charge of the Government bask insolently in the spoils of office; betray the people to the Trusts; turn over the nation's property to such scoundrels as Ballinger, Wickersham and Dickinson; surrender the lawmaking to such robbers as those who organized the Electric-power combine, the Woolen schedule, the Sugar and the Tobacco trusts, the Morgan confederation, with its "dollar diplomacy", *the sleeping republic leaps to its feet, to sleep no more, until we have run the rascals out.*

We don't need a new system of Government! We don't need a bloody revolution! *We don't need nasty foreign "isms" and nostrums.* What we need, *and mean to have! IS OLD-FASHIONED DEMOCRACY*, with its golden rule of "*Equal rights for all, and special privileges for none*". We had it once, and we were happy. A beggar was something unknown. A blazing sword suspended between the heavens and the earth would have excited less amazement than an American beggar, in the ante-bellum period, would have excited in the streets of our cities. *So testified Charles Dickens, and none disputed his word.*

Why cannot we have that kind of government, again? *It was not the product of New England. It did not rest on Plymouth Rock.* It heralded from Jamestown, and was the direct descendant of the Virginia Legislature of 1619—*before the Puritans ever showed sour faces in Massachusetts.*

The old Whig ideals of England—that's what it was—the democracy of Charles Fox, of Samuel Romilly, of Henry Vane, of Algernon Sidney, of Pym and Hampden. From the hands of these friends of the common people, the torch was taken by Patrick Henry, Dabney Carr, Richard Henry Lee, George Mason, and Thomas Jefferson. From these, it came in full blaze into the hands of Nathaniel Macon, the Rutledges, William H. Crawford, George M. Troup, Thomas Benton, John C. Calhoun, George McDuffie and Andrew Jackson.

From these, it passed onward to Robert J. Walker, Alexander H. Stephens, Robert Toombs, John T. Morgan, Zebulon Vance and George Vest. *These heroic figures would not bend the knee to the Baal of post-*

bellum commercialism and rotten politics. They resisted, but were unable to stem, the turbid tide. They are gone, and they have had no successors. Not a single Southern man in public life now remembers the Southern tradition. Not one of them offers a scheme of contsructive statesmanship. We had just one who was strong enough to fight our battles, and he has enrolled himself under the banners of the Pirates. He flies the Jolly Roger. *And the angels in Heaven—they who love the South—must have wept, when Joseph Weldon Bailey allowed Dave Francis to take him aboard the buccaneer vessel of John D. Rockefeller.* But a new spirit is alive in the land. A breath of resurrection is troubling the waters. From pulpit and pew, from lecture platform and editorial room, from the hustings to legislative chambers, strange messengers are speeding; and these are bearing the glad tidings of a glorious dawn.

It is coming! It is coming! Thank God, the day is breaking, at last!

The night has been long, and the darkness deep. Sometimes, we were full of despair. It seemed as though the revel of the evil spirits would last forever. The public mind seemed strangely dull. The public conscience seemed strangely seared. The public heart seemed strangely cold.

But all the apathy, the discouragement, the tame submission, the cowardly inertia is passing away. Day is breaking, and the foul creatures of the night are slinking to their holes.

Presently, the hour-hand will point toward the meridian: *the second term of Cleveland and the single term of Taft will be recalled as hideous nightmares which came upon us as we slept.* Robbers of the Carnegie-Rockefeller-Gould - Vanderbilt - Havemeyer - Guggenheim-Morgan type *will be treated like horse-thieves of the Border.* The Government will resume the sovereign function of coining money. Free trade will be the slogan of democracy, and the harbinger of national prosperity. Public utilities will be owned and operated by the public. The people will directly elect their Federal Senators and *judges.* The Initiative and Referendum will restore to the people the control over legislation; and the Recall, over office-holders. We will free the nation from its public debt, abolish about 100,000 offices, cut the expenses of Government in two; repeal the Dick military law; put a stop to the extravagancies of militarism; abolish sweatshops and child slavery; arouse every community to a full sense of responsibility for its own destitute and illiterate people; deprive the negro of his political privileges, and put none but white men and women in the public service.

All of this is rational and possible. None of it is revolutionary. *Every part of the program has been put to the test of actual experiment, with results most satisfactory.* With these reforms going into effect, every well-founded criticism which Socialists level at our system will disappear—as rapidly and as completely as the shades of night vanish before the rising sun.

(THE END.)

RANDOM REMINISCENCES OF TOOMBS AND STEPHENS

"LITTLE ELLECK" was the way I always heard it, when I was a boy: "Little Elleck" and "Bob Toombs" were the Castor and Pollux, the matchless heroes, in our neck of the woods.

Regarding Toombs, the feeling was one of boundless admiration. His intellect, eloquence, imperial deportment, scintillant wit, gladiatorial grandeur, were subjects of inexhaustible comment. He was the privileged character of ante-bellum Georgia politics. He could say and do things no other public man, without courting ruin, could have said and done. Inconsistent votes and speeches might injure others, but they never bothered Toombs. Shown up on the stump by an opposing speaker who produced the record to prove that Toombs had gone astray, the accusing orator triumphantly inquired, "*What have you to say about THAT, Sir?*" And Toombs would set the crowd laughing and cheering by saying, "*I think it was a d—d bad vote.*" Arraigned in public discussion for having said some outrageous something or other, on a previous occasion, Toombs bristled up and declared defiantly, "*I never said it!*"

"*Oh, but you did!*" exclaimed the other fellow. "*I've got the dead-wood on you—here it is in this paper,*"—proceeding to draw it from his pocket—

"*Well, I don't care a d—n, if I did say it,*" cried Toombs, and the crowd laughed, and yelled, "Go it, Toombs!"

Such an incident as this last seems apochryphal; but the late Rev. E. A. Steed related it to me when I was at Mercer University, saying that he himself was present when it occurred. In describing the scene and referring to Toombs, Mr. Steed added, "What could you do with a man like that?"

Yes, Toombs was big and noisy and brilliant and overbearing and successful and magnetic; people were carried off their feet by the impetuous rush of his mind and his passions. He was great, and hero-worshippers trooped about him wherever he went. He could not stop on the streets and begin to talk, without attracting a crowd. To advertise him for a public address, was to collect the folks for miles and miles around.

The last political speech he ever made in Thomson was soon after his return from Europe, in 1875. Mr. Stephens was the orator of the day; and Toombs name was not down upon the published programme. Little Elleck occupied the morning session with his carefully prepared, statesmanly oration. But Mr. Stephens could no longer magnetize an audience. His voice did not carry far, and did not hold out any length of time; and, besides, the vital spark did not glow within the old hero as it once had done. I heard the late George T. Barnes say at Appling, in 1888, those who only heard Mr. Stephens after the Civil War could form no conception of what his power had once been.

Perhaps a vague feeling of disappointment pervaded the multitude, during the dinner hour, and made it natural that they should yearn for another and a different kind of speech.

Suddenly, some one shouted,

"*Toombs! Toombs!*"

As though an electric current had shot through the crowd, the multitude sprang to its feet, and there pealed forth a "Rebel Yell", and a roar for,

"*Toombs! Toombs! Toombs!*"

They would take no denial; and the old lion began to toss his iron-gray hair back and forth with his hand.

"*Let the band play Dixie, then, and*

I'll give you a speech." They struck up Dixie, everybody yelling like mad, of course, and then the great orator stood forth to address the people.

"Fellow Citizens! About eight years ago, the best government the world ever saw told me to 'git up and git', and I did it." The allusion, of course, was to his enforced exile at the close of the Civil War. Uncle Sam manifested a keen desire to get his hands upon Robert Toombs; and the manner in which he did "git up and git" is a thrilling story which cannot be told here. The jocular reference to his own flight, set the crowd laughing; and, for an hour or so, Toombs did what the enfeebled Stephens could not then do —reached the audience with his voice, entertained it with his wit, and inflamed it with his own unquenchable fires.

Such was one of the men of whom I derived, from environment, impressions of grandeur, before I was old enough to understand what it was all about. The other was totally different. The feeling which "the Stephens men" of that day had for "Little Elleck" was never aroused by any other Georgian statesman. People might or might not admire Bob Toombs and Ben Hill, but they were never *loved*, even by their most ardent admirers as "the Stephens men" loved Little Elleck. Toward the "Pea-ridge boy" who had been educated by some charitable ladies and warm-hearted men; and who always looked so boyish, and frail and sickly; who had made such a heroic battle against poverty and disease; who always defended the unfortunate and never prosecuted; and who was *ever* for the under dog; and who had such inexhaustible fountains of human kindness—for *him*, for "Little Elleck," there went forth a tenderness, a touching trust, a fidelity which made for him a kingdom of his own—a holy of holies, sacred to himself alone.

In the opening chapters of "Bethany", are descriptions of visits by Stephens and Toombs to my grandfather's home, and of long conversations to which I listened. The actual visits were before my day, and the conversations in "Bethany" were purely imaginary. I never saw Mr. Stephens, until after the Civil War, when, in 1872, he wished to go back to Congress. He and Herschel V. Johnson had been elected to the United States Senate in 1866, but the Republicans refused to let them take their seats. Then, in 1872, he had again become a candidate for the Senate, but had been defeated by General John B. Gordon—one of the most magnificent and popular soldiers of the War, and one of the most irresistible campaigners the politics of the South ever knew.

Mr. Stephens was thought to have taken his failure very much to heart. General Toombs interested himself actively in persuading certain aspirants in Stephens' old district to stand out of the way, and let "the hero" have a walk-over. After this had been diplomatically arranged, the announcement was made that Little Elleck was a candidate for Congress. The progress of the perfunctory canvass brought him to Thomson, where I was attending school; and at the news that "Elleck Stephens is going to make a speech in the Methodist Church", I went to hear him. The house was not large, but there was plenty of room. In fact, the audience was small and not enthusiastic. They listened respectfully to the slender orator who was so colorless and appeared so feeble, and who spoke in a high, thin voice, clinging to the pulpit rail most of the time. I think he was on crutches, because of injuries received by the falling of a gate upon him, at his home. He indulged in very little gesticulation. I remember that he repeated that portion of his great ante-bellum speech on the Oregon Question, where he likened our system of government to Ezekiel's vision. This passage brought applause.

Again, when he was speaking of his record and how he had sometimes had to differ from his own people and take positions that were unpopular, he stressed the idea that, in him, they had *ens thinks*"—bringing uplifted hand down upon the palm of the other with a loud, "Hallelúja lick".

Hearty applause greeted this, but the speech as a whole made no marked im-

GENERAL ROBERT TOOMBS

a leader who would always deal honestly and candidly with them. Raising his voice, and elevating his right hand, at full length above his head, he cried in vibrant tones, "No matter how wildly partisan passions may rage, *you shall always know what Elleck Steph-*

pression! Old-line Whigs, who had never forgiven him for going over to the Democrats, took offense at some reference to their defunct party, and one or two walked out of the house. There were survivors of the Know Nothing movement who never could forgive Mr.

Stephens for his violent tirades against *them:* and there were a few citizens of our community who attributed their loss of lawsuits to Little Elleck's strategy in the court-house. These and some other causes, combined to make our town and county somewhat cold toward him; and I well remember how such out-and-out Stephens men as Captain William Johnston and John F. Sutton exerted themselves to poll a creditable vote for the hero, at our own town precinct.

Captain Johnston himself "sat on the election", at the court-house. He took his place at the window which commanded Main street, and as electors would pass, up or down, the Captain would sing out—"Come over and give Little Elleck a vote". In many cases, "they began to make excuse", and went their way. When the polls closed Mr. Stephens was elected, for he had no opposition; but the total of the ballots was not gratifying to his old friends. In after years, when the politicians tried to put the hero out of Congress, the common people rallied to him with some faint echo of the fervor of other days.

"The Augusta thimble-riggers", as he dubbed them, opposed him, but had to submit to one check after another, until Stephens, who had been training with Dr. W. H. Felton and the Independents, was captured by the regular Democratic nomination and made Governor of Georgia, in which office he died.

* * * *

Captain Johnston, to whom allusion was made, was a life-long "Stephens man", of the most unselfish and devoted kind. He never tired of telling sympathetic listeners of the doing and sayings of his hero,—accompanying the story usually with an attempt at mimicking Stephens' voice and manner. He told me of a case in the Superior Court of Lincoln County. Toombs was on one side and Stephens on the other. The presiding Judge was ruling against Little Elleck on the various points made, as the witnesses gave in their testimony, and Toombs was carrying everything with a high hand, dominating the Court and hectoring Stephens. It was apparent as the case progressed that the latter was becoming intensely excited. His great black eyes began to flash and the wan cheeks to glow. When it came his turn to speak, he rose, turned his back upon the Judge and, without the customary "May it please your Honor", he began, in a shrill voice shaken by passion, to address the jury:

"Overruled by the Court, browbeaten by opposing counsel, to *you*, Gentlemen of the Jury! I appeal!"

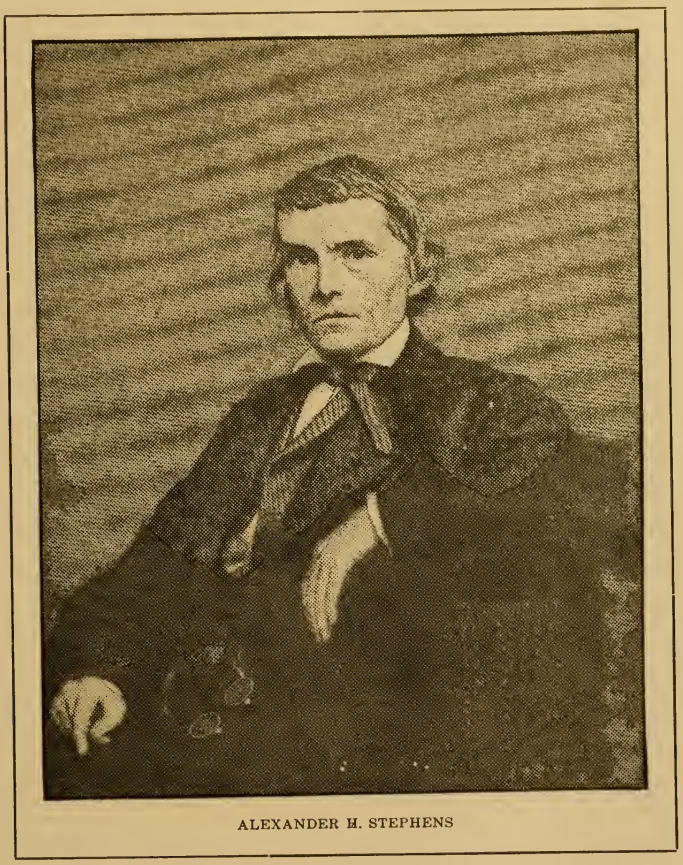
The Captain described how, after this startling outburst, the orator mounted higher and higher, in a speech which thrilled every hearer, and so won upon the sympathies of the men in the box, that Toombs' argument and the Judge's charges were unavailing: Little Elleck got the verdict.

In the profession, it was commonly said, "Stephens is a case-lawyer". In general knowledge of the law, as a science and system, he was ranked far below Toombs and Cone and his own brother, Linton Stephens. But it was admitted that "Little Elleck" was marvelously strong in litigation where he had prepared the case for trial, and where the conduct of the court-house battle was left to him. Both in civil and criminal cases, he was a famous winner of verdicts. Of this fact, he was deservedly proud; and in his old age he spoke to me and to others of writing a history of his celebrated cases; but he never did.

During his last years in Congress, the "Potter Resolutions", as they were called, came up in the House. These proposed a re-opening of the Hayes-Tilden electoral contest. Mr. Stephens took strong ground against them, and predicted that their passage would lead to blood-shed. It was nearing the

close of the session when so much gets crowded on the calendar and men become so brutally selfish to get action on their own pet measures. Mr. Stephens "went on refining", or attempted to do so, but the impatient members began a clamor, to drown the feeble voice. Mr. Stephens ran his roller-chair into the open space before the Clerk's desk and endeavored to go on with his speech. But the House—Republican, of course, —howled him down. This was easy enough to do, since he had little strength of body or of voice.

This insult to his gray hairs, this want of respect to the ex-Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, enraged him extremely. The incident helped to rekindle his popularity. He drew good crowds to the hustings in the speech-making tours which followed the adjournment of Congress. One of his appointments was at Thomson. It was a fine summer day and



ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS

there were several thousand people on the ground. A delegation came up from Augusta—Major Joe Ganahl, President John P. King, of the Georgia Railroad, and others.

Mr. Stephens required stimulants, these latter days. It got to be a joke—his way of concluding a passage of his speech with the words—

"This is genuine Jeffersonian Democracy"—and then putting to his lips the little bottle which contained his liquor.

After the big men all took their places on the speakers' stand, that day,—I remember how they had to lift old Mr. John P. King—it seemed that Stephens needed a little toddy before he'd be ready to begin. So Major Joe Ganahl was put up to kill time, and entertain the crowd. He did *the former*, to the Queen's taste. As to entertaining or enthusing a country crowd, he had no more turn for it than I have for pleasing a plutocrat. The Major made point after point that he expected to start the applause, but none started. You have seen how speakers look, wax hot and perspire, and gesticulate violently when they pump for the cheering, and don't get it? Well, that was exactly the way Major Ganahl looked that day.

Presently, some one on the seat behind, reached out, and pulled the Major's coat-tail. Mr. Stephens had swallowed a final sip out of the little bottle, and now felt able to make his address.

There was, at first, a deep silence and eager expectation. Everybody present had so often heard of the statesman's oratory. Every one there was, more or less, his friend. They meant to vote for him, and to keep on doing it, as long as he lived. He had declared that he wished "to die in the harness", and the old man's wish had been tacitly accepted as the unwritten law of the district.

Nearest the small platform from which Mr. Stephens spoke—he was seated in his roller chair—were grouped the elderly men who had been his supporters when he was at his best. These old constituents paid close attention throughout the address. But after he had been talking a short while, this small portion of the audience were his only listeners. His voice could not reach those farther away, and the spectacle was that which is so often witnessed at public, out-door meetings. In front and near the speaker, is a well defined minority, seated on the benches: back of them and all around them is the circle, sometimes ten or twenty deep, in which the young men chat with the girls, or married people talk among themselves. It is as though a girdle of babbling noise and confusion were thrown around a small body of silence and quietude.

Only once, as I remember, was there any applause. Mr. Stephens related the "Potter Resolutions" incident to which reference has been made, and doing his best to make his voice sound big and strong, cried out, with the favorite gesture which has been already described,

"I told them they might howl me down *in Congress*, but that they'd *NEVER* howl me down before *the American people*."

After the speech was ended, there were the usual comments. Those of Major Ganahl I heard. He exclaimed to some of us, "Well, sir, I never saw such people as these. They don't even applaud Mr. Stephens—no wonder they didn't applaud me". The fact appeared to be consoling to the Major, and he made quite a point of calling everybody's attention to it.

The most gratified man that I saw on the grounds was old man Anderson Faucett. This gentleman had striking peculiarities of appearance and deportment; and one who had once known him could hardly have forgotten him. Mr. Stephens had cultivated a good

memory for faces, and he recognized his old friend at once. Mr. Faucett was deeply pleased. He came by the group where I was standing, and stopping, exclaimed, "He knew me, sir, he knew me! He called me by name, and I haven't seen him in"—I forget how many years, but it was before the war.

In the summer time, when Mr. Stephens was at his home—Liberty Hall—I was with him frequently. Sometimes, I would board his special car, and go as far as Augusta with him, as he was returning to Washington. (His health was so delicate that it was necessary for him to have a private coach, whose temperature could be kept uniform.)

On one of these trips he told me the old story of the man who placed too much confidence in the prowess of his dog; and who in the utmost good faith pitted this canine against a traveller's monkey. The fight wasn't much of a combat, for the monkey (as I recall it,) jumped on the dog's back, took its tail between his teeth, and closed down. The dog was wholly unprepared, either in mind or body, for that kind of thing; and he lit out for the horizon—yelping in horror and fright. The man who owned the monkey called it in, and went his way; but the dog was out of his senses, temporarily, and disappeared. The owner of the dog began to call him.

"*Here*, Towser, *HERE! Here*, Towser, *HERE!*"—but no report from Towser.

"*Here*, Towser, *HERE! Come on back—that d—d varmint's GONE.*"

It was most enjoyable to be at Liberty Hall. When I was there, he was dictating to John M. Graham (now of Atlanta, and a mighty fine fellow) a "History of the United States". This work occupied him in the forenoon; but he would join us on that wide, cool, delightful back-piazza, after dinner. James D. Waddell, "a bosom friend" of long standing, was stopping with Mr. Stephens, at this time, and most excellent company he was. No man was better at telling anecdotes. His acting alone, was enough to tickle the ribs. For hours, he would have us roaring with laughter. Mr. Stephens enjoyed it as much as any of us; and even when Waddell related the unprintable story of how a mischievous boy had secretly changed the lettering of one of the New England Blue Laws, and thereby brought dismay and confusion into the Court, when the next Common Scold stood up to receive sentence, Mr. Stephens had to struggle hard with the impulse to laugh, while his sense of propriety forced him to say rebukingly to his friend, "*You'd better shut your dirty mouth*"! There was a tall, well-made, elderly Irishman present—a native of Augusta and a great friend of Mr. Stephens. He came up to my idea of Captain Costello of Thackeray's novels, only he was as sober as a judge, and a most tremendously dignified person. He had, of course, witnessed and heard Waddell's acting and telling the anecdote. He had fairly shouted with laughter. He had had to wipe away the tears. As we had renewed *our* peals, which we did several times, he had renewed *his*. I *never* saw a man enjoy a thing more. As the last of the sounds of merriment died away, and we sat silent from exhaustion, the stately Irishman approached Waddell and dropping his voice to a confidential tone, inquired—"What letter did you say that boy changed?" And then we *did* explode, *and Mr. Stephens let out all that he had been holding back.* The very idea of that dignified gentleman laughing as he had done, without knowing what was the joke, was just too funny!

* * * *

I remember that Mr. Stephens took me into his library, where his studying was done when he was practising law. Some of the volumes were canted

on the shelves, and he asked me to straighten them up. There were not very many books; and I get the idea, from his own works and the letters to his brother Linton, that he had only a slight acquaintance with history and literature. Some of the literary opinions expressed in his correspondence are quite crude, to use the gentlest possible word.

He was fond of children, but he knew when he had enough. I recall that he was quite positive that a noisy, romping crowd of them should not spend the night at Liberty Hall. They lived in the neighborhood, and were inclined to remain over—the evening was inclement. I think—but the old man ordered the carriage, and called out somewhat sharply, "No, you must go home".

I was sitting outside on the back piazza one day, while Mr. Stephens was in the room, next to me, talking with a school boy. The lad happened to mention that the statesman's smaller History of the United States was taught in the academy which he attended. In a quick tone of pleasure, Mr. Stephens asked:

"You say they teach *my* history in your school?"

I chanced to look through the window at Mr. Stephens, and he chanced to look at me; our eyes met for an instant, and I saw that he was confused. The vanity was *so* natural and *so innocent!* Yet he shied like a girl.

When I went up to Crawfordville to represent, in a preliminary trial, the young white men accused of the atrocious murder of old man Ellington. I took supper at Liberty Hall after the hearing was over. It was late and the others had all left the table. Dora, the mulatto woman, fixed something for me; and while I was causing it to disappear, in staggered a man, whom I will call Barleycorn, for he was one of the most habitual drunkards that we ever had in our midst.

Addressing me truculently and loudly, he said, in substance:

"You are up here trying to defeat the ends of justice. Those men are guilty, and you know it, sir!"

There was lots more of the same kind. I told him that I did not know anything of the sort, and continued my supper—afterwards joining the whist-players in Mr. Stephens' room. Dora must have carried to Mr. Stephens, while I was eating, a report on Barleycorn, for when he came lurching through the door of Mr. Stephens' room, he was stopped in short order by a peremptory—

"Mr. Barleycorn! I want you to leave my house!"

The poor fellow looked at Mr. Stephens, stupidly and pleadingly—

"You won't go back on me, will you, Mr. Stephens?"

"Mr. Barleycorn, I never go back on anybody. But you are drunk and you have insulted one of my guests, and I want you to leave my house."

The old man was thoroughly angry, and Barleycorn had to go.

* * * *

Mr. Stephens loved his grove, the magnificent oaks that shaded his grounds. He was furious when the Crawfordville folks, in his absence, cut down one of the giants which stood on the lot which he had given for church purposes.

"*The Vandals!*" he cried, passionately. "*The Vandals!* Dick Johnson and I used to read under that oak, when we were young!"

Judge Marcus, of Augusta,—a worshipper of Mr. Stephens—wanted the passengers in the cars on the Georgia Railroad to have a better view of Liberty Hall. So the Judge took the liberty of ordering some of the trees cut out—Mr. Stephens being in Washington at the time. Mr. Stephens did not like it, at all, and said so; but he had no words with his old friend Marcus about it.

One day at Liberty Hall, when he and I were alone, he told me that he regretted the displays of bad temper which he had made in his earlier years. He admitted that he had sometimes been too irascible and rough. "But", said he, "I was poor and sensitive, and I thought they looked down on me and were trying to prevent me from succeeding, etc."

As a matter of fact, Mr. Stephens did let his temper run away with him, on many occasions; and he was often inexcusably harsh and impolite.

A friend once told me of an instance: General Glascock and young Stephens were holding a joint discussion on the hustings. Mr. Stephens had read something from a book. "*What page is that?*" asked General Glascock. Stephens closed the volume, slammed it down, and cried snappishly—"*Find it for yourself*". That was not only a flagrant breach of decorum, but a positive violation of the unwritten law of debate. It is my *duty* to tell my adversary from what page I read, even though he does not ask it.

In challenging Herschel V. Johnson to fight a duel, he allowed a *very* evil spirit to master him. In his quarrel with Judge Cone, he was altogether to blame, and put upon that able lawyer, *in public*, an intolerable humiliation. Of course, it was most cowardly for Cone to afterwards assault him with a knife, when he was unprepared to defend himself.

In his quarrel with Ben Hill, and in the challenge which followed, he was altogether wrong. And, of course, he got worsted in the controversy. Mr. Stephens was no match for Hill, either on the stump or in written controversy. It took Toombs to meet Hill; and, even then, it was nip and tuck. In the great debate at Washington, (Wilkes County) Ben Hill, who had met Stephens that day and had "worn him out"—as Stephens' own friends had to admit—could do more than hold his own with Toombs. General Ranse Wright—a partisan of Hill and the bitter enemy of Stephens and Toombs—went from his home in Augusta to hear the debate. He told the late Marion McDaniel, at Barnett, where he was taking the train home to Augusta from Washington:

"Hill made nothing out of Toombs."

In the encounter between Hill and Toombs, before the Georgia Railroad Convention, the younger man, in his very prime, came off victorious. But in the Jack Jones bond case, much later, Toombs won. Hill had the bad taste to enter the fight with a flourish of trumpets, sounded from Washington City. "The honor of Jack Jones is the honor of Georgia!" And so forth. Old Toombs said nothing, but made ready for the battle.

The first time I ever saw *this brainiest of Americans*, he was walking up the main street of Thomson, with the easy, imperial grace which was so natural to him. And how did a little freckled-face school-boy *know* that the man was Toombs. *Couldn't explain it, to save my life.*

"Mother, *who* caused this war?" I asked that one day, in the quiet and lonesomeness of 1864, when my father, uncles, etc., had all gone to the war, and when the terrors of the period were felt even by a boy of eight years.

"Mother, *who* brought all this about?" "*Toombs*", she answered. But whether she explained matters, and described the great Insurgent, I can't remember.

I remember, in 1870, going to the court-house and hanging around as long as school hours would admit of it, in the hope of hearing the big lawyers "plead". As though it were yesterday I can see old Toombs, Ranse Wright and Judge Gibson.

Ranse Wright's face—and he was a splendid figure of a man!—had on it a most extraordinary expression of

pleased assurance of success. On the contrary, Toombs looked serious and somewhat worried. He was putting questions to one of his witnesses (Buck Binion,) and the answers perhaps didn't suit.

The school bell rang, and I had to leave without having heard anything more than a portion of Judge Gibson's charge to the Grand Jury. I remember that he gave the Ku-Klux a severe excoriation, and as he was *talking to them*, and knew it, there could be no question of his courage.

"Little Ed" Gross, with whom I boarded, was a Ben Hill man, and he bore a grudge against Toombs. In truth, Mr. Gross had a dangerous temper and a long memory.

It seems that he saw Toombs walking about the camp one day during the War, when the General was feeling his liquor, and was in his most royal mood.

"Get out of my way!" he would say, gruffly, to each human obstruction that happened to be on his line of advance.

The little black eyes of Mr. Gross would snap, as he told me of Toombs' insolence, and he would conclude, with emphasis, "I wanted to stick my bayonet in him!"

I saw no more of Toombs for several years.

After my return to Thomson, and at the village hotel, Paul Hudson introduced me to him. His manner was most affable. Something was said about the low state of law practice, and he said to me, laughingly—"Well! Mr. Watson, you will get the benefit of the rise."

Toombs was no believer in paper money—was down on the Greenback currency. Colonel Bill Tutt—one of the wittiest, and brainiest men I ever knew—took the other side, of the question, and said:

"General, the only thing that I don't like about this Greenback money is, that I can't get enough of it."

Quick as a flash, the retort came:

"Yes! you'd drink sea-water till your d—d belly burst, and you'd never know that you were killing yourself."

Colonel Tutt doubled up and joined in the laugh, rather sheepishly, but he didn't "scratch back"—and Tutt was as bold a man as you'd care to meet.

The old General began to hold forth, vigorously denouncing some public measure, whose name escapes my memory. Phil Carroll was trying to defend it, and stated, as a clincher—"Why, Mr. Stephens says it's all right!"

"I don't care a d—n what Mr. Stephens says"—was Toombs' retort.

Charlie DuBose, who knew that the General believed that jurors in criminal cases should be judges of the law, in the same sense that they are judges of the fact, asked him why it was that the Constitutional Convention, which had recently finished the Georgia Constitution, 1877, did not change the wording of the act on that subject.

The law reads now as it did before the convention met; and the Supreme Court had construed it to mean that the jury is the judge of the law, but that they must *take it from the court*—which is sheer nonsense.

It is not a trial by one's "*peers*" when a city lawyer, grown to be a judge, tries an illiterate country farmer for his life.

Our law conclusively presumes that every citizen knows the law, *excepting when he becomes a juryman*. The moment he enters the jury-box, *he is conclusively presumed to know nothing about it.*

When I reflect upon some of the fool decisions that our Courts hand down, I find myself inclined to strike out Mr. Bumble's "if", and to exclaim, "The law is a ass".

In reply to Charlie DuBose's question, General Toombs made a reply which seemed perfectly satisfactory; but I cannot recall it. It must not

have been as good as it seemed, for our Supreme Court still serenely holds the idiotic position that the law, which makes, *in so many words*, the jury the judge of both the law and the facts, is complied with, *when the jury is compelled to let the Judge BE THE JUDGE OF THE LAW!*

General Toombs probably told Charlie DuBose that the Supreme Court would *seek the intent* of the Constitution makers, *in the speeches made on that subject*, by himself and others. He could not foresee that Governor Colquitt would be incautious enough to pay, *in full*, for the stenographic report before it was all written out; and that the Supreme Court would never have those speeches to aid in construing the law.

The last time that I talked with the stenographer, he told me that he had all his notes. The Legislature ought to appropriate enough money to induce Sam Small to write out those notes, or dictate them to a typewriter, so that we can have our Supreme Court decide that principle correctly.

The judges should *advise* the jury as to the law, but the juries should be the judges of it, *as the Constitution directs.*

I remember that standing in the front porch of what is now the Knox House, General Toombs was speaking of the frugality of the French.

"Why," said he, "a Frenchman would get rich on what the average American wastes. Five of them would get rich on what *I* waste."

Some time afterwards, I recalled this remark of the old General to the mind of Paul Hudson, a leading lawyer at our bar, who had been one of Toombs' colleagues in the Constitutional Convention and who knew his habits well.

"Oh, that was just some of Toombs' big talk", said Mr. Hudson: "the old General doesn't waste much".

And that was true.

* * * *

When attending McDuffie Court, in the Seventies, the old General stopped at the old Greenway Hotel. The late Jordan E. White used to tell me of some of Toombs' peculiarities. The General would have Schneider, of Augusta, to send up a quart bottle of whiskey every day; and at night, when the General was in conversation with a dozen men who had come to his room, to hear him talk, the bottle sat on a table at his elbow. From time to time, he would fill his glass, and drain it. He offered nobody else any. Expressing my surprise, Mr. White described how the General would sit there in his lordly way, taking his liquor, and how the others would gaze longingly toward the bottle.

"Wesley Worrill was nearly dying for a drink!" and Mr. White would go off into a peal of laughter.

"The old General would say, with a nod at the table, 'This is Toombs' whiskey.'"

It seems incredible that any man could "cary off" a thing like that, but the General did. He would empty the bottle before he went to bed. I asked Mr. White what his condition was, the next morning.

"Perfectly sober and bright!" he answered.

While at Crawfordville, to collect a preferred debt against the Hillman estate, (which Toombs represented,) I was thrown with him, at the old Williams Hotel.

The manner of man he was peeps out of this fact: when he was in full practice at the bar, and was a regular attendant of the Superior Court of Taliaferro County (which met semi-annually,) a room at the Williams House was reserved for Toombs *by the year*. He spoke of this to me, saying with a flourish of his arm—

"Oh, I told Williams that if *a gentleman* came along, and there was no other room vacant, he might be put in

mine; but I didn't want any and everybody to sleep in my bed."

But I never heard of his doing that way, in Columbia, Elbert, Warren and Oglethorpe counties; and am at a loss to know why he was so very fastidious and exclusive in Taliaferro. (Perhaps he was a regular attendant upon the old Inferior Court, which met once or twice a month.)

I asked him if it was true, as stated in the Stephens biographies, that he never lost a case which he personally conducted.

"No! It is not so. Why, I gained many cases against him, myself."

At the hotel, that night, were Judge William M. Reese, Milton Reese, Hal Lewis and, I think, Judge Columbus Heard and John Hart. Anyhow, it was quite a group which sat around the fire-place, in Judge Reese's room, listening to Toombs talk. Hal Lewis and I lay across the foot of the bed. The old General went on from one topic to another, all of us paying the closest attention. It was a brilliant monologue, interrupted only by an occasional question. Judge Reese was in awe of Toombs; and of course we younger lawyers had sense enough to keep our mouths shut.

At least, all but one of us did. Toombs was saying something about the repeal of the Missouri Compromise; and he made a statement which I knew was wrong, for I had chanced to be reading up on the subject just a few days before. On the impulse of the moment, I shot in a correction!

Whew! Always impatient of contradiction, the General could scarcely believe his ears, when a nameless little tyro of a lawyer ventured to set him right on *anything*. He flashed at me a swift glance of wrathful contempt, and roared out a, "D—n it to h—ll! D'you suppose I don't know what I'm talking about?"

Judge Reese turned his large, rebuking eyes on me, and remarked in a voice of shocked surprise—

"Why, Watson, Toombs was *there*"! I was glad to get off so light—though I whispered to Hal Lewis that the General was altogether "off", in his memory of that particular fact.

It was Judge Reese who elected himself the guardian of the old General's professional honor, after Toombs had reversed his opinion of the Georgia Railroad's indorsement of the Joe Brown lease of the State Road. President Charlie Phinizy, of the Georgia, had himself transported up to Washington, (Georgia) in his private car; and in consideration of $1,500, General Toombs changed his mind about that Lease which he had so often damned.

His ardent admirers were almost stupefied. Judge Reese made himself the voice and the herald of their righteous indignation. Betaking himself to Toombs' law-office—which was in the basement of his mansion—Judge Reese broached the subject of his errand, and told Toombs that his friends were deeply concerned about his glaring inconsistency.

"Reese, you tell my friends to go to hell."

This happened many years ago, and it may be that some of them went.

Toombs wrote a letter (published in the papers) accusing Joseph E. Brown of swindling "the Mitchell heirs" out of the depot property in Atlanta. The ex-Governor had "accepted the situation", after the war; had attended a Republican Convention; and had accepted, from Bullock, a position on the Supreme Court bench. Ben Hill swore he would never take another case while Joe Brown was Chief Justice, and he retired in disgust to his South Georgia plantation—in which, by the way, he lost that big Metcalfe cotton-case fee, and nearly everything else that he had. As for Toombs, he made it the business of his life to go around abusing Joe Brown. He exhausted his own vocabulary of villification on him; and

applied to him all the vituperation which Curran had heaped upon English and Irish "*informers*".

Brown had gone along, as though he heard nothing of it. But when Toombs put that letter in the papers, charging him specifically with stealing land from orphan children, Brown came at Toombs, as a bull charges. After going into the facts of the case, and giving his explanations, Brown ended his letter with a line which rang like a rifle shot. "Unscrupulous liar", was an epithet which many of Toombs' friends would have been sorry to see him wear; but nobody, excepting a few hot-heads, thought that two old men, like Toombs and Brown, ought to fight a duel.

Toombs took the worst possible course. He blustered, "made out like" he was going to challenge Brown, and then didn't do it.

There is only one explanation: he was drinking heavily, and he put himself in the hands of an adviser whose lack of ability for such an emergency was conspiculously displayed.

I heard Bishop Pierce say, on the train between Camak and Sparta—"Toombs' wife wouldn't let him fight."

It is a great pity that she was unable to keep him from acting in such a way as to make most men believe that the challenge would have been sent, had it not been so certain that it would be accepted. The incident damaged Toombs enormously; and it need not have done so.

When Ben Hill refused Stephens' challenge, he lost nothing: quite the contrary. When Murphey cursed him out on the streets of Atlanta, and Hill said to him, "I do not propose to give you the opportunity to assassinate me", nobody blamed him. If Toombs had ignored Brown, altogether, nothing would have been thought of it. But, handled as it was, it made every Democrat in Georgia hang his head.

Yet, when General R. E. Lee certifies to a man's courage, as he did to that of Toombs, I ask for no better evidence. And when to Lee's warm testimony, I can add that of Lee's "Old War Horse", General Longstreet, I feel that Pelion has been piled on Ossa.

I used to talk with the old General, frequently, when attending the Legislature in 1882-3. He was up there much of his time, and had become the curb-stone attraction. Wherever he would stop to talk, a crowd would collect. Whenever I heard him, he was cursing somebody. And there would be so much wit mingled with the profanity, that the crowd would be kept laughing.

I asked Henry Grady, one day, if Toombs was popular in Atlanta. "He would be", answered Grady, "if he would just cuss the same men every time".

There were a good many elements in Atlanta at that time which needed cursing; and the old General had landed *on Grady's own coterie*.

The only time I ever saw Toombs and Stephens together was at the Kimball House, in the Eighties. "Little Elleck" was in his roller-chair, in his room, and there were a number of gentlemen seated, or standing around. Toombs entered and dropped into a chair. He had dined, and had the appearance of having done it well. He looked as though he had been free with "the rosy". I can't recall anything worth recording. It seemed to me that Mr. Stephens was apprehensive that Toombs would say something that might, in the presence of the gentlemen in the room, cause him embarrassment. Indeed, Toombs rather enjoyed "shocking" the Sage of Liberty Hall.

It was my fortune to see, at the Kimball, the old General and the man who had been his second in the Joe Brown fiasco. They were coming from Toombs' room into the corridor. They were both as drunk as one could reasonably expect. I stopped to speak to the General, and he introduced me to his ex-second. Fixing his eyes with all

the solemnity of intoxication on Colonel Nichols, the old General said:

"I put my honor in your hands". "And they are perfectly clean"—responded the tipsy Nichols.

Notice that Nichols only spoke of *his hands*—not of the "honor" which he had somewhat dimmed. I wonder if Toombs' remark was meant as a reproach!

The only time I ever heard him make a speech was in the anti-Colquitt caucus, in 1880. He made a witty, dashingly eloquent talk. He sailed into Gordon, Brown, and Colquitt. He repeated his statement that if General Gordon had been shot in the— indicating the region with a backward gesture—instead of in the face, he would never have gone to the Senate.

Ex-Senator Norwood, of Savannah, put his Palmetto fan up to his face, and pretended to blush. Others laughed: some Joe Brown men left, in a huff. In other words, the speech hurt the cause.

(By the bye, General Gordon's retort was pretty good. When told of the place where Toombs had, by supposition, placed his wound, Gordon said:)

"If Toombs had been where I was, that's just where he *would* have been shot."

Those trips to Atlanta were bad for Toombs. He fell in among thieves, signed a Power of Attorney, and debts to a ruinous amount were made in his name. When he died, his estate was reported all the way from $1,000,000 to $20,000,000. But it soon transpired that the Power of Attorney had been used to such to an extent that his heirs got very little.

Captain William Johnson told me that Stephens once said to him, in a private conversation, that, "If Toombs had cultivated his moral character as he had cultivated his intellect, he would have been the greatest man the world ever saw."

In his old age, Mr. Stephens was a particularly pathetic figure. Fastened to his roller-chair, he was almost as helpless as a child. In fact, I suppose that his man-servant had to wash him, dress him, lift him about in practically the same way that infants are handled.

His scanty hair was snow-white: he never had a beard. In his pallid face, were a thousand wrinkles, little and big. Here and there, on his cheeks, were livid, uncanny splotches. His teeth were broken and black. His lips were thin and colorless. His neck and head were large, and the chin strong. The eyes were beautiful. It seemed to me that they were a very dark brown. His voice was thin and sharp—less than full tenor.

I was in his room at the Kimball when he sent his note to the dying Ben Hill, asking if he, Mr. S., might call. Adolph Brandt was present, and wrote the note. Brandt's handwriting was perfectly beautiful, in its way, being a pull-the-pen style, with much heavy shading and many curves. When Brandt handed his production to Mr. Stephens, to be signed, he exclaimed,

"Why, Brandt, you write a worse hand than I do."

As Mr. Stephens' writing was simply unreadable, Brandt's feeling may be imagined.

The last time I ever saw the Sage, he was on his death-bed. A contested election case which the Governor would have to pass on, took me to Atlanta, but we found Governor Stephens too sick to attend to it. Of course, I went to the mansion to see him. He spoke of the case in a tone which indicated that he leaned to my side of it, and was confident that he would soon be able to resume his duties.

But that Savannah trip had been too much for him. We had all gone down there to the Sesqui-Centennial. The weather was extremely bad. Mr. Stephens had delivered a long address, (to which few paid attention) and the carriage in which he was driven through the streets, had *open windows.*

That night, Dan Rountree and I (both members of the Legislature), called on the old hero at his room. He was bright and seemed none the worse for the exposure to the weather.

Dan went up, with the bow and smile of a courtier, and said, as he extended his hand,—"Mr. Stephens, you *must* let me congratulate you on that splendid speech!"

"Little Elleck" had been a politician himself, and he knew the breed well enough. He smiled, and said—

"Oh, I got out of it tolerably well."

In that sense, he did; but it was the general opinion that the trip cost him his life.

They gave the Hero a great funeral in Atlanta; but I think he would have chosen a simple burial, at the family graveyard, in his native county—with the neighbors to come in their quiet sorrow, to cover him up with the sod of old Taliaferro.

No satisfactory "Life" of Toombs has been written: some day, I may try my hand at it.

Of Stephens, several biographies have been published—the latest and best being that of Mr. C. R. Pendleton, of Macon, Georgia.

Maybe Mr. Taft's Ears Didn't Tingle! —Baltimore *Sun*

Benedicite

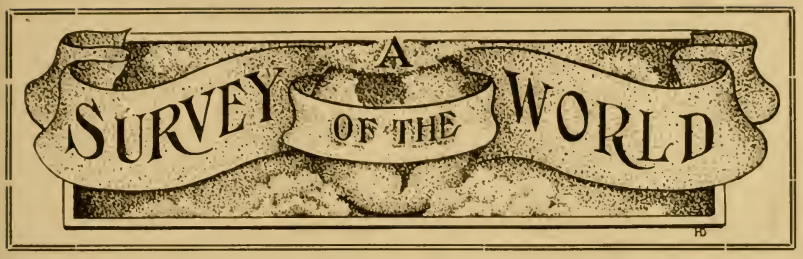
By MRS. JOHN JAY SMITH

For all the ages past
When life was but asleep,
When monsters swam the deep
And held the earth,
When generations had their birth;
When forests grave, mysterious, in awful spaces vast,
Reared sculptured pillars through the watery air
Above the floor of rush and fern;
For Thy great palimpsests laid bare
In rocks reluctant, old and stern,—
Grim records of heroic mold and slender line;
For all Thy works so manifold, most rich, most fine,
Fires on the altars of our praise shall ever burn,
O Lord above; praise for this wondrous world of Thine.

For all Thy stars so fair
That shine through summer night,
For Thy swift messengers of light,
The air, the winds that blow,
The waves that murmur low,
The bow of Heaven and the lightning's flash,
The roar of tempest and the thunder's crash;
For odors sweet and sounds that chime through ringing space,
For butterflies and flowers and birds that sing their grace,
For stately greenwood tree and moss in grassy sward,
For these Thy daily gifts of earth and air, we praise Thee, Lord.

With tapestries the world's wide walls are hung,
Where magic figures faint and bright are woven o'er
The web of Days, and shot with threads of gold;
Shapes that depict the fabled mysteries of old
And strange beguiling histories with ardor told
In musty manuscript and tome;
The fireside tale of tribes that roam,
The chants that wandering bards have sung,
The garnered wealth and store of Time's most precious lore
Since man possessed the earth.
Warriors and nomads, minstrels and sages,
Down through long ages
From tradition's earliest birth,
Send us the Word. For messages of peace and sword
That came to us, we praise Thee, Lord.

For wholesome Toil we render praise, and for the zest
And ardor of accomplishment, and after, welcome rest:
We praise Thee for the common joys so sweet
That gently, like gray doves, oft flutter round our feet.
We praise Thee, Lord of good and ill, for Grief and Pain;
Sad sisters they, but sunshine follows after wintry rain,
As a fond mother chides, then folds her child
In happy arms of love:
We praise Thee, too, that out of Sin and Crime
There spring some flowers of virtue; that above
The dragon of the slime
Some bright and strong Saint Michael hovers ready for the thrust
Which makes for the world's betterment: and so,
That all these ministers of Life, most sad and stern,
Do oft against their lust,
Which is to rend and burn,
Serve purposes of Thine, and speak Thy Word
To heart of man, we ever praise Thee, Lord.



By THE EDITOR

KING EDWARD'S death was not unexpected, his health having caused grave concern several times in the past few years.

The eight years of his reign were a continuance of the peaceful era which began with the reign of his mother, Queen Victoria.

While no crisis with the outside world was ever acute, the political unrest of England and Ireland has been growing, and those close to the King realized the effect it had on him.

The United States enjoyed the highest favor in King Edward's esteem. As a young man, when Prince of Wales, he was an honored guest of the nation, and he never forgot his happy experience with our people.

Queen Victoria was austere in her manner of living, and the social life of London was, at times, decidedly dreary.

Though Edward had reached an age which classed him as "beyond middle", his reign was a renaissance of much of the old glory and pomp of the early English court life.

As a ruler he was beloved; as a man he was admired; and as a friend he was prized by those whose friendship he valued.

The very large number of American-English marriages contracted by rich American women with titled Englishmen was a source of great satisfaction to King Edward, and the popularity of the American peeresses was due to the King's pleasure at these alliances.

Many Americans will sincerely mourn with Great Britain.

The coronation of King George will not occur until the prescribed court period of mourning is over. The young King is comparatively unknown to his subjects, and has figured always as of rather a retiring disposition with strong domestic attributes. His early romance has saddened, if it has not embittered him, and it is not likely the new Court will be as lively nor as socially brilliant as that of King Edward.

READERS of this Magazine will remember that in discussing the problem presented by the unemployed, we have urgently advocated the establishment of Governmental Bureaus which would distribute the supply of labor from congested centers, to those regions where there is a greater demand than the local supply can meet. In other words, we have seen no reason why our Government could not cope with the task of making connection between the jobless man and the manless job.

It is plainly apparent to any one who takes a broad view of American life that at the very time when a thousand ablebodied working people are parading the streets of Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, Minneapolis, and other great cities of the North and

North-west, asking for work, there are regions in New Mexico, Texas, and the lower South, where there is a dearth of labor. Now, surely, our Government will, some time or other, take hold of this problem and work it out to a satisfactory solution. There should be an equitable distribution of wealth and of labor; and the solving of the one problem would be a mighty stride toward the solution of the other.

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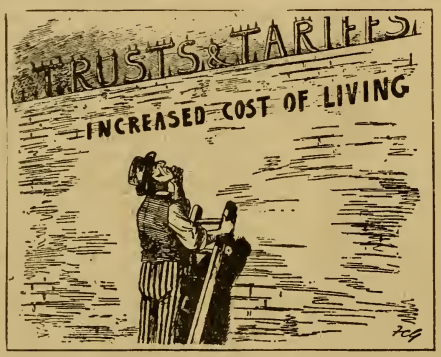
In this connection, it will be borne in mind that the Salvation Army has



American Workman— 'I guess this ladder 'll have to be lengthened or that wall 'll have to come down!"
—*Westminster Gazette* (London)

set a noble example. While other religious organizations have been tearing their hair over the condition of China, Korea and Hindustan, the Salvation Army has been grappling with the practical problem of securing employment for the ablebodied man and woman who, desiring it, fails to find it. Thousands of worthy people have been put to profitable work in Colorado and in Texas, to say nothing of other colonies established by the consecrated followers of that great and good man, General Booth.

See the force of a good example. The British Government has, at length, adopted the policy, the success of which had been demonstrated *by a private citizen.* The Liberal administration established two hundred and fifty Government Labor Exchanges in England, six months ago, and although only one hundred of these has gone into operation, *they have already supplied employment to five thousand wage-earners.* Is it possible that the American Republic is going to be behind the rest of the civilized world in this respect, as it is in so many others? Will we never have a practical, constructive, persistently energetic Congressman, who will apply himself to such noble endeavor as this?

IN our article on the Pope's attempt to impose conditions upon Mr. Roosevelt, as a preliminary to his reception at the Vatican, we pointed out the fact that the Pope has not, and can not, admit that any other than the Catholic religion is Christian. In this country, where the Catholics are in the minority, and where it is to their interest to dwell upon the loveliness of tolerance, the priesthood does not deny that Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians and Episcopalians are on the road to Heaven. The Cardinals and the Bishops under him are forced, by policy, to fraternize with the dginitaries of other churches. In short, the American Catholics admit that other forms of religion besides their own are Scriptural: they concede that Baptists, Methodists, etc., are Christians. *But the Pope has never conceded this, and he never will. He cannot do so, without putting an end to his religious monopoly, and shaking to its foundations the vast imposture of which he, and his Hierarchy, reap the benefit.*

* * * * *

A few days ago, the world was given a striking illustration of the truth of

our position. Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, furnished to Bishop Paret, of the Episcopal Diocese of Maryland, a letter of introduction to the Vatican officials, urging that the Papa grant an audience to the universally loved and respected Episcopal Bishop. *Merry del Val, the Spaniard who now seems to be in control of policies at the Vatican, brusquely repulsed the Maryland Bishop, stating that the Holy Papa is not a picture, or a statue, to be inspected by every traveler who comes to Rome.* Which merely shows that Papal intolerance is as strong in Europe as it ever was, and that Merry del Val is not only no Christian, but is lacking in the first instincts of a gentleman.

THE passing of Mark Twain is an event of which the entire literary world takes notice. He had had his day in Court, had written himself out, had enjoyed all the pleasures and endured all the griefs, and it was fitting that the curtain should drop. Why should one wish to linger through a period of senility, when one is helpless to do anything for oneself, or for others; and when the ruins, however majestic, remind one of a time when the glory had not departed?

Mark Twain has been over-rated, as well as under-rated. His "Gilded Age" was a failure as a novel, but it presented certain figures of American life which ought never to fade. The character of Mulberry Sellers is immortal; and the picture of political corruption in Washington City might very well answer for a photograph of conditions which exist there today.

As a creator of character, Twain, like Dickens, was inclined to exaggeration. He did not have that Bret Harte-Thackeray talent for proportion and accurate measurement. We can't agree that Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer are average, normal Southern boys. They bear some resemblance to certain types; but they are caricatures rather than portraits. As to Mark Twain's humor, a note of depreciation must be struck. There is a world of fun in "Roughing It" and "Innocence Abroad"; but there is a world of extravagance, also. There are times in some of his books, (particularly in "A Tramp Abroad") where the effort to be funny gives the reader positive pain. This over-doing it, which is so obvious in Dickens, is never found in Thackeray, nor in Bret Harte. We predict that the time will come when there will be a Bret Harte revival, in which this genius of purest ray serene, will be recognized as the most thoroughly symmetrical, versatile, keen-eyed writer that America has ever produced.

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It is said that Mark Twain's "Joan of Arc" is really a great piece of work. Inasmuch as I had to undergo the agony of studying that tragedy in the composition of "The Story of France", this is one book of the great American author that I have never read. His "Prince and Pauper" is a strong production, giving elaborate illustration of the difference which clothes, wealth and position make in the same man. He probably borrowed the idea of his book from the well-known story about the Emperor Jovian, which appears in the "*Gesta Romanorum*". "The Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court", however, is such a ridiculous performance, that I wonder it ever secured a publisher. Even as a caricature, it is below par.

The best thing about Mark Twain's literary work is its honesty, its manliness, its human sympathy. He does not hesitate to lay the lash on shams and imposters. His excoriation of such military heroes as little Funston, was magnificent. His denunciation of the atrocities perpetrated by the wealth-getting King of Belgium was as fine in its way as anything done by Dean Swift. The broad sympathies of Mark Twain took in the animal creation, and

he had a profound aversion for the man of the gun, who finds amusement in the slaughter of harmless birds or beasts.

I have always thought that there was a golden vein of tenderness and seriousness in him; and that, perhaps, had he worked this lode, instead of the humorous vein, the results might have been more permanently valuable.

IT is difficult to say which is causing more disturbance, Roosevelt or the Comet. Many unexcitable persons find themselves inclined to inquire, "What is it all about?" What has Roosevelt ever done that the world should go crazy over him? He wrote some books in his callow youth in which he alluded to "politicians of the infamous stripe of Madison and Jefferson". Later on, he sobered his exuberance somewhat, and wrote a really good book, "The Winning of the West." His Naval History of the War of 1812" is also a very creditable performance; but there is absolutely nothing extraordinary in the Roosevelt books. In his hunting stories, there are some passages which one would be happy to blot out.

Back in the Old Place.

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*

As a man of action, has *the out-put* of his energy been equal to *the noise?* As Police Commissioner of New York City, he made the impression upon the whole Union that he was thrashing around and doing about and killing bears, in all directions; yet he never discovered the fact that there was a White Slave traffic in New York, nor did he ever so much as suspect that Elsie Siegel horrors existed in Chinatown. As Governor, he certainly sanctioned the laws which enabled Harriman to become the sponge which absorbed insurance money by the millions. As President, he made the Big Stick famous, but where is the list of Things Achieved? Not a single trust did he break up; not a single malefactor of great wealth did he land behind the bars. He surrendered to Aldrich on the railroad rate fight, and to Foraker on the Brownsville rumpus. He undoubtedly was a strong support to Pinchot in his conservation policies, but conservation did not originate with Mr. Roosevelt. On the contrary, Mr. Cleveland deserves the credit for that, in so far as giving Presidential indorsement to Pinchot's ideas entitled him to it. Roosevelt's failure to adopt the right financial policy, and the right attitude toward the Morgan interests, encouraged the Wall Street marauders to precipitate the rich man's panic of 1907; and when the storm arose, he did not deal with it in a statesmanly way. *Great Britain has time and again stamped out panics by issuing governmental currency. This has been done in the United States, also. It was done under Van Buren, and also under General Grant's admin-*

istration. The effect has never varied. The moment the Government shows its determination to inflate the currency so that the supply shall meet the demand, the conspirators who planned the panic have invariably run to cover.

Instead of dealing with the panic of 1907 in this manner, Mr. Roosevelt did as Mr. Cleveland did, in 1893. He bowed to J. P. Morgan and issued to that insatiable cormorant of high finance, interest bearing bonds, when the Acts of 1862-3 gave him full authority to issue $103,000,000 non-interest bearing governmental treasury notes.

* * * * *

He undoubtedly strengthened the position of radicalism by denouncing corruption in high places and the corrupt union between business and politics; but he, himself, refused to prosecute the Sugar Trust when the evidence of its guilt was tendered to him; and he himself authorized the Steel Trust to gobble the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, whose open furnace process furnished the most effective competition to the United States Steel corporation.

Another thing: *Mr. Roosevelt, with all of his boasted courage*, has been an utter political coward, in reference to the "Tariff". He does not dare to touch that subject.

To the credit side, we must in all fairness place Mr. Roosevelt's interposition in behalf of peace during the Russian-Japanese War. With rare tact and judgment, he chose the psychological moment when the victor was about as badly spent as the vanquished. Both Russia and Japan were eager to end the strife.

Again, it must be said that Mr. Roosevelt shows a warm-heartedness and an instinctive inclination towards honesty and right in the conduct of all affairs, both public and private. He is a thorough gentleman, a man of the best feelings, of strong impulse, and he, therefore, often makes mistakes. But with all the facts before him, and no confidence misplaced in his advisers, I feel sure that Mr. Roosevelt would always do the right thing.

Various editors have been seeking the source of his vast popularity. Yet there is no secret about it. It is perfectly obvious that *the reason why people like Roosevelt is that Roosevelt likes the people*. He is no automaton, no academician who holds himself aloof from the ordinary interests of life. He is a warm-blooded proposition, a manly man from head to heel; and he comes down the pike with a roar of good fellowship which sweeps the procession in behind him instinctively and naturally.

SEVERAL heroic white women, refined and college-bred, consecrated themselves to the discovery of the methods by which the White Slave Traffic maintains itself. They acted the part of procuresses. They assumed the garb and the language of the people who are engaged in that unspeakable business. By doing this, they purchased four white girls, two of them being purchased from a negro woman. One of these girls was a mere child of twelve years old, who cried for her doll after she had been delivered to the Good Samaritans into whose hands it was her luck to fall.

It appears that young John D. Rockefeller is thoroughly interested in the breaking up of the White Slave traffic. If he and his father will devote the ill-gotten wealth which the Standard Oil Company has put at their command to the salvation of the world from this pestilence—which blows from the old world to the new, and from the new to the old—they may, to some extent, earn forgetfulness for the series of crimes by which their fortunes were accumulated.

A REPUBLICAN District of New York State threw out a Republican Congressman, Mr. Aldridge, and elected a Democrat, Mr. James S. Havens. This successful Democrat straightway hied himself to Washington, duly qualified, and entered upon his duties *by promptly voting with the stand-pat Republicans.* Thus we again have an interesting illustration of the fact that when the vested interests can no longer use one of the "Twins", it avails itself of the services of the other.

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In the State of Indiana, Senator Albert J. Beveridge secured a renomina-

Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea —Baltimore *Sun*

tion after having taken issue, fairly and squarely, with President Taft, and with the infamous new tariff law. In opposition to him, the Democrats have put forth, not the malodorous Tom Taggart, of French Lick Springs no-

toriety, *but John W. Kern, who is the tool of Taggart.* It is to be hoped *that every Indiana Democrat, who stands for principle*, will throw his vote and his influence toward the clean, straight and strong Beveridge, and against the vilely connected John W. Kern.

GOVERNOR CROWTHERS, of Maryland, vetoed the bill which proposed to ignore the Fifteenth Amendment, and to restrict suffrage to the whites. We regret that the Governor's courage failed him. *The business men in Baltimore got scared too quickly. There was nothing to be afraid of. Never again will the North fight the South about the negro.* She has had enough of that. Besides, the West now has a color question of its own, *and is in conflict with the Federal Government about it.*

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The proposal of the Republican administration to nullify one of the State's inalienable rights, as to prescribing the qualifications of her electors, and conducting her own internal affairs, aroused throughout the Pacific slope a feeling of great depth and intensity. *It is not possible, under the treaty power, to deprive a State of sovereign prerogatives.* That question has been raised and has been decided by the Supreme Court of the United States. It arose under the Burlinghame treaty with China, in which there was a provision which sought to nullify the Chinese Exclusion Act. *The Court most properly decided that treaties could not set aside Acts of Congress.* Any well-posted lawyer can demonstrate to the satisfaction of any intelligent person that *the Fifteenth Amendment was neither proposed nor adopted in the manner prescribed by the Constitution.* Therefore, it is no more a law than if it had been adopted without the action of the Senate, or without the action of more than one-third of the States. *The mere publishing of it as one of our laws, does not make it so. It is void, and the Courts will so hold when the issue arises. Consequently, the Southern States should ignore it, should remodel their franchise laws, and should limit the right to vote to the whites.*

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The exercise of suffrage is not only a precious privilege, but a civic duty. No troublesome condition should be imposed upon those who are entitled to it. *No undue obstacles should be put in the way of the voter who wants to go to the polls and express his opinion about laws and candidates. A set of tax receipts and a white face ought to entitle the citizen to deposit his ballot in the box.* The various registration laws which are disfranchising the white people by the tens of thousands (throughout the Southern States, at least,) *are the contrivances of wily politicians, mostly of the cities, to get the electorate where they want it.*

THE soft drink habit is said to be an abuse peculiar to the United States. The magnitude of it can with difficulty be exaggerated. When we see the nurse, or the unwise mother, take a babe in the arms and dope it on pernicious drinks at soda founts, and when we see that this habit goes right on up from the cradle to the grayheads, we can form some idea of the extent of the evil. Many of these drinks contain cocaine or caffeine. In the report of the Roosevelt Homes Commission, Coca-Cola, and very many other of these soft drinks, were black-listed. Nevertheless, respectable magazines and papers continue to accept advertisements which increase the evils growing out of the soft-drink habit. Not only is the secular press guilty of this far-reaching wrong to the people, *but the religious press is down with the same complaint.*

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It is a sin and a shame that such religious publications as the *Christian Herald*, (of Brooklyn, N. Y.,) which calls itself a family magazine, and which pretends to be consecrated to the betterment of mankind, should give (as it did in its issue of April 20, 1910,) *a full page advertisement*, ornately decorated and so displayed as to attract attention to Coca-Cola, *which is recommended on the back cover of this Christian periodical as "delicious, refreshing, thirst-quenching and harmless"*.

The *Christian Herald* is one of the sectarian papers which goes into fits on the missionary question: it is one of the religious journals *which approves of the purchase of little negro children "all over Africa"—said children being bought for the purpose of maintenance, education and "conversion", in the missionary orphanages in Africa.* This same religious paper highly approves of *extending the practice of buying children to Hindustan;* and it is only a question of time, apparently, when this same exaggerated idea of mission work will include China, Japan and Korea. With people starving in this land of ours, from one end of it to the other; and with millions of poor boys and girls growing up in illiterate destitution, headed towards lives that cannot conduce to the betterment of this country, *it seems a shocking misconception of Christian duty to send millions of money to improve the heathen, and at the same time recommend to the people of this country the guzzling of such stuff as Coca-Cola.*

HOW much longer will we have to wait before we hear the word "impeachment" used in reference to some of the cabinet officers of the Taft administration? Impeachments are cumbersome things, and rarely serve their purpose; but, now and then, *an aggressively pushed impeachment of a public officer has a healthy influence upon others.*

Last September, Richard Archilles Ballinger, whose record smells to Heaven, rushed to the easy-going optimist, President Taft, and secured his prompt signature to an exoneration of himself, which Ballinger had already prepared. In this exoneration, the President was made to say that certain things had been proved to him by Richard Archilles. Reference was made to these proofs as if they were exhibits to a bill in equity, and the chancellor had them before him as he signed the decree. The country, of course, *took the President's word for it*, that his action in exonerating Ballinger was based upon such evidence. It soon transpired that grievous errors were in the President's statement. This was demonstrated by an ex-Governor of California, *who referred to official documents on file at Washington as containing proof to the contrary of what the President had affirmed.* That was bad enough in all conscience, but the worst was yet to come. Mr. Brandeis, attorney for L. R. Glavis, *(to whom this country owes an immense debt of gratitude)*, happened upon the fact that the statement which is now put forth as having been that upon which Mr. Taft based his declaration of last September, *contains internal evidence proving that it could not have been prepared before November*, and, therefore, was not in existence at the time the President's exoneration of Ballinger was signed.

* * * * *

Consider the position in which this puts the President. *If he had no such paper before him, as he said he had, what defence can be entered for him?* How can he face public opinion on an issue like that? Does the paper which now exists, and which is on file in the Attorney-General's office, contain the evidence which proves beyond question *that it was not prepared until nearly*

two months after the President said, in writing, that it lay before him as he signed the exoneration of Ballinger? Draw your own conclusions, from the following facts:

Mr. Brandeis demanded of the Committee which is investigating Ballinger that the Attorney-General's department produce the said paper. This demand *ran the Committee into a secret session.* Out of that secret session came the answer of the majority of the Committee to the effect, *that the paper should not be produced.* From beginning to end, Chairman Nelson, Senator Root, Senator Gallinger, and the other Republican members of the Committee *have made themselves attorneys for Richard A. Ballinger, the accused.* The partisanship of these Republicans has been unscrupulous and shameless. *But when they refuse to clear the President's skirts by producing the paper which would confute and confound Mr. Taft's accuser, if indeed it is the truth that he had it before him when he signed the exoneration of Ballinger,* they have done the President more harm than any foe could have possibly done.

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It is a principle of law that the destruction, suppression or concealment of evidence by the accused, *raises a presumption of his guilt.* The man who destroys a paper, hides it, or fails to produce it, *arouses a violent presumption that the contents of the paper would have convicted him.* Does Senator Nelson realize what position the failure to produce that document puts Mr. Taft in? *Does Mr. Taft himself not see it?* It will not be long before the country sees it. A continued failure to produce that paper, *which would either convict Brandeis of being a false accuser, or convict the President of having signed a false statement,* will inevitably bring the country to the conviction that the document was not in existence at the time the President positively said that it was.

THE South has had Governors and Governors; but it never has had such a disgrace to the name as Patterson, of Tennessee. He is unquestionably the most open ally of criminals that ever took an oath of office. He is unquestionably the most lawless official that ever solemnly swore to execute the laws. In pardoning Colonel Duncan B. Cooper, he has outraged every sense of decency and justice, and has set an example which is a vast encouragement to crime.

He was inaugurated in January, 1907. At the time he pardoned Colonel Cooper, he had already made a record of pardons which approximated 1,000. Thirty-eight of these were issued in one day. He gave freedom to 152 murderers, 124 thieves, 103 violators of the whiskey laws, 175 of those who carried concealed weapons, 402 to miscellaneous criminals. *What an encouragement this is to prosecuting officers, jurors and judges in the State of Tennessee! What criminal will restrain his lawless instincts in the State over which this disgrace to human nature presides as Chief Magistrate?*

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The ground upon which he pardoned Colonel Cooper was that the Colonel's son, and not the Colonel, killed Carmack, and that Carmack was shot in self-defence. The ex-Senator had left his editorial office, with a pistol which an anxious friend thrust upon him, telling him that he would need it—*that Cooper was seeking his life.* It was a small, ordinary weapon, which apparently had never been used by Carmack at all. He was on his way home, with no thought of molesting any fellow-creature. *He had stopped on the curb, to chat with a lady friend.* It appears that he had a cigar in one hand, and his hat in the other, for he was in the act of saluting the lady friend. Colonel Cooper had threatened to kill him, if Carmack ever put his name in *The Tennessean.* Carmack had put it there. He had done

so in scornful words, which scourged the political trio, Cox, Patterson and Cooper, with a whip of scorpions. With every thong of the lash, he had drawn blood from their thick hides; *and they determined to kill him.* I have no more doubt that Patterson knew what was to happen than I have that *Cooper, when he went out to hunt for Carmack, meant to kill him at sight.* The two Coopers went on the war-path, seeking their victim: they came upon him from behind. They uttered no sound of warning. It was even said by the lady who was talking to Mr. Carmack that as they began to shoot him from behind, they cried, "*We have got you.*" Whether they said it or not, they *had* got him; and when he fell into the gutter *there was a hole in the back of his head where the cowardly assassin had sent the death-dealing bullet.*

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Self-defence? The killing done by Robin Cooper? Such a paper as Governor Patterson has prepared and has published throughout the country is an insult to the commonest intelligence. These Coopers had supplied themselves with the very best of the up-to-date deadly weapons; they opened fire upon the ex-Senator with automatic, rapid-firing revolvers. Game to the very last, he *did* whirl and get in a shot or two with his little commonplace pistol. Of course; he was no coward. He had the innate, manly instinct of self-defence. It is the strongest trait in human nature. *Of course,* he whirled and fired; *but the hand of death was already on him, and he hadn't had a dog's show for his life.* He was shot down because he was making a manly stand for right, decency, honesty, morals, law and order, *against as foul a triumvirate of political scoundrels as ever disgraced a Southern State.*

How much the Louisville and Nashville Railroad had to do with the pardon of their assassin-lobbyist, will never be known. Dark suspicion connected the L. & N. with the murder of Goebel; and it is highly probable that its stealthy, underhand influence had something to do with Patterson's prompt pardon of a red-handed murderer.

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Carmack, while United States Senator, kept the Ship-subsidy bill from becoming a law. It was a short session, and he talked it to death. I predicted, then, that this outrageous attempt to raid the Treasury in the interest of a few ship-owning railroads, would never again come so near success. The recent Congressional investigation of the methods by which the Merchant Marine League, of Cleveland, Ohio, secures the support of purchasable newspapers and ex-Congressmen, has put the Ship-subsidy bill on the sick-list. It will never recover its vigor.

Another service which Senator Carmack rendered to the South was the exclusion of the word "rebel" from official references to ex-Confederate soldiers. *The word was both an insult and a falsehood.* Carmack moved against it, at the right time, and knocked it out. He thereby won the right to the gratitude of every man who wore the Gray. It was the cruel irony of fate that one of them should have killed him; and a mortification to all the others that the fatal shot was fired *from behind.*

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

JOEL B. FORT

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

IF at any time you should chance to visit the little village of Sandersville, Tenn., your attention would at once rivet on an old negro man who has passed his three score and ten years. Appearing just a little stooped, whether from the infirmities of age, or from his life-long service at the forge, is not certain.

Wearing his well-set suit of ordinary working clothes, with a hat from which the stiffening has long since faded, and which gives it a very graceful flap, and a home-made "segar" set "Cannon"-like in the corner of his mouth, you see the only and original Josh Gardner, the Village Blacksmith. Of solid ebony hue, his countenance fairly radiates, while his expression is far from the inquisitive, and carries the thought at once to you of the teacher and instructor.

You may receive the impression at first sight that he is illiterate, but that he knows that which will interest you fills you with an earnest desire to see and hear more from him.

He is unique. He is fascinating, alike to the learned and ignorant. He is a philosopher, and his wisdom has been gathered from the vast field of experience and observation.

He is a magic chain that links the old to the new South.

His early days were spent in slavery, and the later in the freedom of citizenship.

He knew and was intimately associated with the slave-holding aristocrat of the olden times, and is now loved and revered by the children and grandchildren of that same aristocrat.

He is the Village Blacksmith.

Uncle Josh Gardner, as he is familiarly known, hearing that I had just returned from a tour of North Carolina, approached me suavely and said:

"I hear dat you been makin' speeches in North Callena; well, tell me ef you went to Pelham?"

I informed him that I made a speech right in the village of Pelham. Swelling with pride and emotions of most pleasant memories of the long ago, he said:

"Dar is whar I wus borned, right dare at Pel-ham, and old Miss Nancy Fitzgarald, de mammy of Bishop Fitzgarald, wus my granny, she wus".

How the good old man enjoyed hearing me tell of the home of his childhood and call the familiar names of the people who now live at that place! Cast upon the stream of life at a time when human beings were bought and sold on the market like mules and horses, he was sold and taken to Robertson county, Tennessee, where he has since resided.

I will be compelled to pause long enough in my story to remark on the cruel and barbarous practice handed to our Southern ancestors, on a religious and biblical plate, by our bean-eating brethren of Boston. By this barbarous custom North Carolina became the loser, and Tennessee gained Uncle Josh.

Exhibiting a mechanical turn of mind he was early placed in the blacksmith shop on a large slave plantation, where all of the plows, hoes, wagons and other farm implements were made. The iron was bought, beaten into plowshares, tempered and stocked in the blacksmith shop. While remarking on the superiority of those tools he made "'fore de war" he said:

"Dem plows and hoes and wagins we made den wus sum a count, but you jes take one of dese new-fashion plows and try to run a furrow in de new-groun we had den and hit would break fore you got round, yaas, sur, hit would shore as de world."

It had been the dream of Uncle Josh's life to go back to Pelham and visit the home of his childhood, talk to the people he had known when a boy, and renew the acquaintance of his playmates, both black and white. A few years ago he made the trip. It had never occurred to him that one-half century had passed, that the remorseless hand of Time had torn down and up-builded, that one generation had passed away and another had taken its place.

When he left his old home the fresh virgin soil, under frugal husbandry, teemed with all kinds of luxuriant crops. Stately pines graced the glorious landscape of the "Old North State", and multitudes of merry, tuneful slaves, singing the negro melody into the life of the Old South. When he returned the fire and sword had done its work. The once fertile fields were worn and washed, the monarch of the forest had been laid low, and dotted here and there squalid log cabins, eaten down at the corners by the ever gnawing tooth of Time, filled with ragged, unkempt, and diseased negroes.

"Uncle Josh, what made you come back so soon"? I asked him on his return.

"Lordy 'massy, child, I couldn't stay dare no longer. Warn't nobody dare dat I know'd, and didn't even know my own brother. No, sir, I jess couldn't stay dare. I thought it wus bad enough here, but hit wus wuss dare. All dem rich fields I left wus worn out and all de fine pine trees done cut down and gone, and de fine houses gone to waste; no, sir, couldn't stay dare no longer".

What a pity that he was ever disallusioned!

How much better in the twilight of his life it would have been if he could have been left to his memories of other days, if he could have been left to lift the veil of memory and see the scene as he left it. Glorious Old South! you are left alone to memory and history. In the days of your pride, honesty in private and in public life was the slogan. It was a time when the money craze had not fastened itself on the manhood and womanhood of the land. It was a time when not thriftless, yet its peole moved along leisurely, taking enough time to lend a helping hand at the log-rolling or house raising. It was a time when "thrift did not follow fawning", and no "get rich quick" schemes filled the press; yea, it was a time when noble manhood and womanhood, filled with patriotic zeal, followed the lead of Jefferson and loved the principles sent out from his home at Monticello.

Nearly fifty years ago Uncle Josh and Aunt Susan were married, and together the pathway of life they have jogged smoothly along. He owns the house and lot on which he lives, also the lot on which stands the shop, and a house and lot in Cedar Hill, ten miles away.

In addition to his shop work he raises a crop of tobacco and corn each year. He has studied the cow until he understands her fully, and enunciates the doctrine which I know will be pleasing to the good housewife everywhere, that it is a man's business to attend to the cows. It is pleasing to see him sit on the stool and talk to the good old Rose while he milks and

she chews her cud. He says you must keep a cow in a good humor while milking, and he knows exactly what to say to her to make her "give down" her milk. When asked by a passerby what makes his cow stand so good, he replies:

"Hit's all in de way you treat a cow. Any ob'm will stand good ef you do your part right and treat 'em good. Dat cow loves me good as she do her calf, dat she do."

He knows a horse's foot to perfection, and when he examines it he knows just where to cut and just how to fit the shoe to make him "go easy". His dwelling and shop being adjacent to the public road, he sees everybody and everybody sees him.

UNCLE JOSH GARDNER AND HIS WIFE, AUNT SUSAN

Last year he owned a gobbler which had a very pugnacious disposition, and when some lady or child would pass, and the gobbler would show fight, he would always say:

"Now, don't let dat gobbler see dat you'se afear'd ob him, dat's whut's de matter wid him now, he knows when a pusson is skeer'd. He's jess like a man, always want to fight sumthin when he knows hit's a'fear'd uv him."

When the Planters' Protective Association was organized to fight the Tobacco Trust, and protect the tobacco grower from its greed and theft, Uncle Josh was among the first to join, and the Association has had no truer nor more faithful member. District meetings were held periodically, and at each meeting various men were called to make a speech on the situation. At one of these meetings Uncle Josh was called, and as he arose slowly from his seat all eyes were turned on the Village Blacksmith. His earnest manner and enthusiasm were contagious, and his soft and musical voice, carrying words of homely philosophy and wisdom, won the assemblage, and the verdict was unanimous that no man had excelled in horse-sense argument the speech of the old Village Blacksmith. A shorthand report of that speech I would prize very much, but it only lives in memory, and a brief synopsis would not be out of place:

"When craps got so low dat a man would starve when he wus a makin hit and starve arter he had sold hit, I axed some of de white folks whut wus de matter, en dey told me dat a Caarperation done got hold uv de 'baccer bisiness, en put one man in a place to buy hit, en no one else wus lowed to go in dare en buy hit, rite den I says 'waal ef a Caarperation is got hold dare haint no way to make hit turn loose cep'n all de people jine in en make hit turn loose!' Dat's de reason I jined dis Sociation. We must all, bofe black en white, stan' togedder t'well we make de Caarperation do our way, en pay our price, and den de people will git a good livin.

"Jess look at de way dat L. & N. Railroad Caarperation done me at Cedar Hill! I bought dat lot fum old Marse Billie Gooch, en paid fer hit and bilt my house on hit, en de deed call fer de middle uv de railroad track. Well, sur, day went dare en move my house back on de back uv de lot en made a cattle pen out'n my frunt yard, en never sed a word to me about hit. Whar's de white man in Robinson County dat would'er dun sich er thing? When I say to de Boss 'ain't you gwyne

to pay me fur dat lot?' He say, 'dat's our land. Dat land longs to de Cumpany.' I say, 'whar did de Cumpany git hit? I bought dat land fum Marse Billie Gooch thirty year ago and paid fer hit', and den he say, 'hits de franchise—de franchise', but hits jess de way de Caarperation's got uv stealin, dat's whut I call hit. En den agin dey tell me ef I go to Cote I will git beat, dat de Cote cant make'em pay me fur hit. Waal ef a Cote cant make a Caarperation pay a pore old negro fer a lot he bought en paid fer, whut kin a Cote do wid a 'baccer Caarperation whut's takin our 'baccer fur nuthin?

"I say less all stand togedder and make dese Caarperations do our way, en less quit doin dare way".

Sooner or later the words of Uncle Josh will have to be heeded, or the very devil will be to pay in this country. The very idea of Corporations chartered for purposes of business ruling the affairs of this land makes me hot in the collar. The idea of the Federal Courts furnishing them a haven when the people get after them, while they furnish the Judge a private car to sail the country over, makes "cuss talk" bile up in me.

For years Uncle Josh has been a close observer of the moon, and he prides himself on his weather forecasts. So much confidence has he inspired in this that many of his neighbors regulate their work by his prognostications. Dr. M. L. Bradley, the country doctor, fell into this habit, and on one occasion asked about the weather with a view to cutting hay. "Gwyne to rain shore, Doctor", said Uncle Josh. No hay was cut, but it cleared up and resulted in a beautiful haying day.

"I thought you told me it was going to rain, and here I have lost one of the prettiest days for getting my hay", said the Doctor on seeing him.

"Waal, sur, de reason uv dat, Doctor, wus Susan red dat almenic to me wrong, she shore did", replied Uncle Josh.

A few months ago, when the unnamed comet was ablaze in the western sky, I called Uncle Josh's attention to it and asked if he had observed it.

"Yaas, sur, I seed hit, en you see dat stare yander (pointing to the evening star), waal 'fore de war I seed dat stare have er tail about four foot long, en I seed a nuther one furder up north yander have er tail about forty foot long, en you see whut cum uv dat. Turriblest times I ever seed in my life. I don't like ter see dese comets cum er bout, a body never knows whut dey gwyn'ter bring wid dem".

And so Uncle Josh has passed the three score milepost. A long and useful life behind, filled with pleasant memories of both black and white. He journeys still on and on, happy in the consciousness that he has filled his place, humble though it may have been, honestly and faithfully. Knowing that he has so lived as to garner into him the affection and respect of all who know him, he is joyous on his declining way. He loves everybody, everybody loves him. He respects everybody, everybody respects him. Wherein has the king, peering from under the jeweled crown, the advantage of this good Old Village Blacksmith?

SOME HEROIC AND STRENUOUS RIDES WITH JEB STUART

COL. G. N. SAUSSY

CHAPTER II.

STUART'S world-famous Chickahominy Raid blazed the way for Stonewall Jackson in the great Seven Days' Battles of Richmond, for practically upon the route Stuart rode those June days, Jackson was directed by General Lee to assault McClellan's right and right-rear.

It is not the purpose of this paper to detail the incidents of the *Seven days*. History has opened her pages to that masterly stroke of Lee's audacity, and the world credits the *Great Virginian* with one of the most wonderful victories in all the annals of recorded heroism.

McClellan bitterly censured his government for lack of hearty support. He made strong and urgent appeals for heavy reinforcements, yet much of his operations there were behind defenses that must remain monuments to his genius as an accomplished engineer. Lee's then 70,000 gray soldiers compelled his 115,000 well-appointed Federal troops to take protection under Gainesborough's fleet in the James.

Lee had delivered a stroke of military paralysis upon the Federal captain, and time was a needed factor in which to nurse his malady. Lee showed his disregard of McClellan as a serious factor, or proposition, by sending Jackson to the Rapidan to investigate a certain General John Pope. Halleck had selected this officer to command the *Army* and the *Department of Virginia*, embracing the territory between the Potomac and Rappahannock, and east of the Blue Mountains. With no small amount of bombast this redoubtable Federal general announced to the world, "These Headquarters are in the Saddle."

After the Seven Days, the cavalry arm of the Army of Northern Virginia was reinforced to such an extent the commands became too bulky to handle as a single brigade. Accordingly, on the 25th July, 1863, Brig.-Gen. J. E. B. Stuart received his commission as Major-General of Cavalry, and the cavalry was divided into two brigades, the *First Brigade*, under General Wade Hampton, and the Second Brigade, under General Fitz Lee. Past the middle of August, the cavalry of the Valley, under General B. H. Roberston, was added to Stuart's division. Stuart proceeded with Fitz Lee's brigade to the Rapidan, where Jackson had already preceded him with Ewell's and A. P. Hill's divisions of infantry, and had engaged and worsted his old Valley commissary, General N. P. Banks, on the slopes of Slaughter's Mountain on the 9th of August.

McDowell, with approximately 400,000 men, was at Fredericksburg, in a position to reinforce McClellan below Richmond, throw his heavy column to the assistance of Pope on the Upper Rappahannock, or act as a menace to General Lee's flank in his march to reinforce Jackson.

General Lee did not seem to consider the first of the above propositions a factor in the campaign, but believed McDowell would do one or the other of the two latter propositions.

He therefore left Anderson's and McLane's divisions of infantry and Hampton's brigade of cavalry on his line between Gordonsville and Hanover Court House to meet either contingency.

Stuart, on Jackson's front on the Rapidan, personally conducted a reconnoisance, and his information was of that character as to admonish Jackson not to attempt to follow up his victory over Banks at Slaughter's Mountain, but await reinforcements before conducting a further aggressive campaign.

The force of the enemy at Fredericksburg sent out a cavalry expedition against the old Virginia Central Railroad and struck this highway connecting Jackson with Lee and Richmond at Beaver Dam Station and did some damage to the road.

To check such enterprises Stuart, with Fitz Lee's brigade, left Hanover Courthouse, and on the 5th August camped at Grace Church. The next morning he learned that two brigades of infantry under Gibbon and Hatch, with some cavalry, were marching for another foray upon this main artery of supply.

Stuart got in rear of this column, captured a number of wagons and some stragglers, attacked their rear-guard and drove it in upon the main body. This changed the plan of the enemy, who changed front on the rear of its column, and Stuart slowly withdrew until he reached the hills north of the *Ny* Rim, and then changed the line of his retreat toward Bowling Green—the enemy not following him, but deflecting returned to Fredericksburg, the object of its foray having miscarried through Stuart's interruption of the plan.

In this enterprise Col. S. D. Lee, later Lieut.-Gen. S. D. Lee, temporarily commanded the Fourth Virginia Cavalry.

The net proceeds of the expedition to Stuart were eighty-five prisoners, eleven wagons and fifteen cavalry horses, with a loss to him of two men mortally wounded.

Co-operating with the Federal column, and intent upon the same mission, a second column struck the Virginia Central at Frederickshall and tore up some two miles of that road, and by a forced march retraced its steps and got back to its main column before Stuart could reach it. Stuart then directed Fitz Lee to move up to the Rapidan, while he took the cars in order to consult with Gen. R. E. Lee, who had moved his headquarters to Orange Courthouse.

Stuart expected to meet Fitz and his brigade at or near Raccoon Ford on the Rapidan, and, with his staff, spent the night of 17th (August) at Verdiersville. Fitz did not understand his orders as requiring rapid marching, so he took his command to Louisa Court House, where he rationed his men.

To locate and guide Fitz Lee, Stuart sent Major Norman R. Fitzhugh, of his staff. A body of the enemy's cavalry had gotten upon the road by which Stuart was expecting Fitz, and down which Major Fitzhugh was riding, and captured the Major.

On Major Fitzhugh's person was found a letter from General Lee to Stuart outlining his plans of turning Pope's left; thus placing in the Federal general's hands information of the most valuable importance.

Stuart was leisurely awaiting Major Fitzhugh and Fitz Lee's arrival, totally ignorant of the proximity of the Federal cavalry, when the blue troopers made a swoop upon the house where he was quartered.

By a remarkably close call General Stuart and his staff escaped capture—Stuart's plumed hat falling a trophy to the attacking force.

Pope had massed his army in and around Culpepper Court House, but upon receiving the captured letter found on Major Fitzhugh, concluded the Rappahannock was a more defensive line, therefore withdrew to its neither bank.

Lee planned to move Jackson via Orange Court House, and Longstreet

by Raccoon Ford, while Stuart moved around Pope's left.

But Pope had anticipated General Lee and was east of the Rappahannock, with only part of his cavalry west of the river.

Stuart, with Fitz Lee's and Robertson's brigades, crossed the Rapidan and moved briskly on the 20th and encountered part of the Federal horse near Kelly's Ford, and drove it across the river, capturing a stand of colors and some prisoners.

Turning northward at Stevensburg, with part of Robertson's regiments—the Seventh Virginia in the advance—that regiment encountered the Second New York, and pressed it back upon its main body at Brandy Station. Here Stuart attacked and succeeded in driving the main force of the Federal cavalry under the protection of their guns on the river's bank.

Jackson followed Stuart the evening of the 20th and occupied Brandy Station, and the First and Fifth Virginia Cavalry from Fitz Lee's brigade also came from the lower fords and reinforced the cavalry immediately under Stuart's hand.

The bulk of the Army of Northern Virginia having arrived in Culpepper on the 23d August, General Lee prepared for a forward movement against Pope. The swollen Rappahannock proved a valuable asset to "the Headquarters General", as it gave him a strong defensive front.

General Lee knew that McClellan had broken camp and was abandoning the Peninsula, therefore it behooved him to hasten his plans against the army on the Rappahannock before McClellan's troops could form a union with them. On the 22d and 23d of August Jackson had moved up as far as the Fauquier White Sulphur Springs, on the Hedgeman river, and a considerable part of his corps was across the river. A violent rain storm flooded the river and rendered his position astride of the stream (part of his command on one side, part on the other side), perilous. By means of a temporary bridge he withdrew that part that had crossed, before the enemy could take advantage of his awkward position. General Stuart proposed to General Lee that he take the cavalry across the river and get upon Pope's line of communication and damage him. Crossing at Waterloo and Hart's Ford, and marching via Warrenton, Stuart reached Catlett's Station, on the old Orange and Alexandria Railroad, after dark. Capturing the enemy's outpost, Stuart was soon in the midst of the enemy's encampments.

Unfortunately, the rain fell in torrents, and the darkness was of the intense Egyptian type. A negro General Stuart had known in Berkley offered to pilot him to the headquarters wagons. The Ninth Virginia Cavalry led the van and attacked the camp, and several of General Pope's staff officers, his paymaster's chest, General Pope's dispatch book and his personal baggage, horses and other property, fell into Stuart's hands. Then it became necessary for the troopers to extricate themselves, and this was no easy job in that Stygian blackness.

Captain W. W. Blackford, General Stuart's engineer, attempted to burn the railroad bridge over Cedar Run, but so saturated were the timbers they absolutely resisted the fire, and the command was so poorly equipped with pioneer tools it was unable to so mutilate as to prevent the passage of trains. All efforts proved abortive. But Stuart brought off "the Headquarter's" personal property and more than three hundred prisoners.

General Stuart had the satisfaction of evening up with "the Headquarters" in the matter of the loss of his hat at Verdiersville about two weeks before by putting General Pope's military coat on exhibition in the show window of a Richmond store.

Time became an active factor in the campaign. General Lee knew it was necessary to bring matters to a decisive issue with "the Headquarters" before McClellan and McDowell could throw their united strength to the assistance of Pope.

While Longstreet by noisy demonstrations attracted the attention of "the Headquarters" along the Rappahannock, Jackson, headed by Stuart and his troopers, began that marvelous march around Pope's right and rear, covering fifty-five miles in two days, and terminating in the seizure of the Federal depot at Manassas on the night of the 26th August. With the 21st Georgia and 21st North Carolina Infantry, under Gen. I. R. Trimble, the store-house at Manassas Junction, with its immense depot of supplies, fell to Jackson.

Once again these "Tired troopers, weary marchers, grim and sturdy cannoniers," indulged in luxuries that for many months had been but a memory; and those hungry gray soldiers feasted at the expense of Uncle Sam's commissariat.

It is not the purpose to attempt in this sketch to detail the wonderful three days' battle of Second Manassas, but to keep in touch with the cavalry in that splendid victory. The world knows of Jackson's peril and his wonderful nerve in holding with tenacity to his position until General Lee, with Longstreet's veterans, burst through Thoroughfare Gap. The sound of Jackson's guns lent speed to the triumph of Longstreet's men.

Meantime, Stuart was "standing off" a large force of Pope's troops by a ruse that proved no small factor in the results.

He directed a considerable body of his men to procure long branches of trees and drag them up and down the roads leading from the Busk Run mountains, raising clouds of dust, such as would be produced by heavy bodies of troops moving rapidly along the highway.

That cloud of dust might be likened to the "Pillar of Cloud" that stood guard over the Hebrews in their escape from Pharaoh's domain. It greatly concerned Pope's troops, who believed the dust was raised by the passage of Longstreet's troops. It *anticipated* Longstreet and accomplished the purpose Stuart had expected—the detention of a large force moving to attack Jackson in flank.

Meanwhile Hampton was marching from fifteen to eighteen hours a day to join Stuart, and on the 1st of September the First Brigade again connected with the cavalry division. Only the "finals" and "semi-finals", as expressed in *tennis*, were now worked out, and Pope, with McClellan's reinforcements, was forced behind the powerful defenses of the Federal Capital.

General Lee knew his army was inadequate to the task of carrying these ponderous defenses by storm, so he turned aside and crossed the Potomac at the upper fords east of the Blue Mountains.

On the night of the 5th of September, 1862, the cavalry forded the Potomac near Leesburg and took position in advance of the infantry, facing east. Fitz Lee on the left at New Market, Hampton in the center at Hyattstown, and Munford near Poolesville, and toward the Potomac.

Here the cavalry remained, with occasional brushes with the enemy, until the evening of the 11th—the main army resting and recuperating in the beautiful Pleasant Valley, with Frederick as its rallying point.

Lee planned the reduction of Harper's Ferry, where Halleck, with singular stubbornness and stupidity, left 12,000 men without the possibility of speedy assistance. The Federal general-in-chief, Halleck, had imagined Harper's Ferry of tremendous stragetic value, and determined to hold it. It

proved a veritable trap for his garrison—only the cavalry portion of its defenders making a safe get-away.

On the evening of the 11th Hampton drew back, in accordance with instructions, to the west bank of the Monocacy river and bivouaced near Frederick. A detail of twenty-four sabres and two officers were made from the First Brigade, as a provost guard to occupy the town of Frederick for the 12th September. Jackson had moved to invest and capture Harper's Ferry, and Longstreet placed in supporting distance, also to act as a buffer in case of a Federal advance from Washington.

Pickets occupied the banks of the Monocacy, and some sharp skirmishing between the opposing outposts continued throughout the day.

The provost guard maintained order, policing the town and sending stragglers westward to their commands. During the day the Federal outposts were reinforced, and extending its line above and below that of the Confederates along the river bank, finally secured lodgement on the western bank, threatening the flanks of the Confederate pickets.

About 4 or 4:30 p. m. the Confederate pickets withdrew from the river and passed through the town. This movement threw upon the provost guard the duty of *rear guard*.

Before the officers could collect and form the provost detachment in order to vacate the town, the Federal advance came charging up Patrick street. The lieutenant commanding the provost guard realized the danger of his position and promptly reversed his small column and faced the advancing foe. This caused the enemy to halt. General Hampton for some reason had delayed in the town, and approaching the provost guard directed its commanding officer to charge the enemy.

Coolly he gave the command, "Attention, draw sabres; horses well in hand, forward march!"

Meantime the enemy had unslung carbines and had opened a brisk fire upon their opponents. As the provost guard began to move upon them they increased their fire.

Immediately after the officer gave the command "march!" he ordered "trot!" then "gallop!" and quickly "charge!" The execution of these orders were as prompt as the writing here. The enemy's head-of-column witnessing the movement, broke and doubled upon itself. Confusion soon followed. Quickly the gray troopers were upon them and vigorously plied revolver and sabre, and in seven minutes cleared the town of the blue horsemen, overriding their piece of artillery and stampeding the 30th Ohio infantry that was supporting the squadron of the 13th Pennsylvania cavalry that constituted the mounted advance. In the melee the horses of the cannon were shot, and the Confederates were unable to bring the gun out. It was left upset on the side of the pike.

Colonel Moore, of the 30th Ohio infantry, who led the mounted advance, was unhorsed in the melee and was captured by Lieutenant Gordon of the Jeff Davis Legion. Several of the enemy were shot and sabred, and others captured.

The attacking force consisted of two troops of the 13th Pennsylvania cavalry, with a piece of artillery, supported by the 30th Ohio. The twenty-six gray troopers expelled them from the town, then leisurely retired from Frederick.

That night, after the Confederate withdrawal, the blue soldiers came back and occupied Frederick.

A singular freak of the fortunes of war then occurred. Where Gen. D. H. Hill had made his headquarters in Frederick, the Twelfth Army Corps of the Potomac Army encamped. Private B. W. Mitchell, of Company "F," 27th Indiana infantry, third brigade, first division, picked up a little parcel. Examining it, he found three cigars wrap-

ped in a piece of paper. He noticed the paper contained writing, and observing the document he found it to be a manuscript copy of the now-famous *Special Orders, No. 191.* This outlined the plan of campaign against Harper's Ferry, and the location of the different divisions of the Army of Northern Virginia. That night this precious document was placed in McClellan's hands and Lee's whole plans revealed to his enemy.

Stuart had ample employment for all his troopers and resources the next day. Unusual activity pervaded the Federal army, and it pressed the Confederate outposts and reserves with unwonted energy.

Nor did this cease until the two armies became locked in the deadly embrace at Sharpsburg. There one of the bloodiest battles of any war was fought, and history inscribed upon her blood-stained pages the record of a fiercely contested, but indecisive battle.

Stuart held intact the Confederate left, where efforts were made to break through and take Lee's army in reverse. Then he took up the rear and held at armslength the Federal horse until the Army of Northern Virginia was again safely on "the Ole Virginny shore."

The "Battle of Patrick Street" (Frederick City) was a small affair, compared with the more pretentious actions that made the Army of Northern Virginia famous forevemore. But its gallantry loses no luster in the comparison. A detachment of twenty-six troopers routing two companies of Federal cavalry, capturing their artillery and demoralizing the 30th Ohio infantry, deserves record in the annals of Confederate history.

The Call

By Stokely S. Fisher

The age waits for a man—the man with might
Of will that conquers, purpose that achieves,
To use for God the industrial loom that weaves
The death's-head on our banner's bars of light!
For law is made a bludgeon, sold to smite
The poor; the tariff, a mask for privileged thieves;
Commerce is grown a criminal, and leaves
No path free of the net. Who stands upright?
In every market labor's wage is clipped,
The beggar even of his rags is stripped,
For tribute to trade's manikin throned as God!
Lo, Greed is rival of Necessity,
Betraying all the needy to the rod!—
The man born for the time, oh where is he?

BECAUSE IT IS RIGHT

WALTER EDEN

MUCH is being written these days of the operations of the Trusts. The people are being informed of a condition that should not be tolerated in any government. To find fault with the wealthy man simply on account of his wealth and to seek to array the poor against the rich is to play the demagogue; but to show up the crimes and wrong-doings committed by the men who have control of large amounts of capital is a species of muckraking that is commendable. It is no more a proper subject of criticism than to find fault with one if he lay bare the crimes of the horse thief. Most of the muckraking, so-called, is of a character that should be encouraged; for it seems to be based on fact. It is right that the masses of the people should be informed of the wrongs that are being perpetrated, be they done by high or low, rich or poor; and be they done in opposition to law or by the sanction thereof, in order that the people may have the means of knowing what to oppose and what to sanction. In this particular the magazines are simply doing their duty. In this Republic the people themselves constitute the Government; and in order that they may know how to govern they must know what are the conditions. The theory that has been occasionally, of recent times, advanced, that only the men higher up should do the thinking is wrong, and is contrary to the spirit of our institutions. The common masses of the people in this country have demonstrated their ability in the past to think properly and to settle great questions, and to settle them right. The people, of course, must be informed rightly before they can judge correctly, and they must rely on information furnished to them by men who have made a special study of conditions. The present best method of receiving this information is through the articles published in the magazines. Therefore, instead of discouraging the publication of these articles, they should be encouraged, and hailed with delight by the better thinking and honest people. Evidently the man who objects to what has been, as a catch phrase, denominated muckraking, has some motive to conceal from the people the doings of these high-class criminals.

The people have been, and are still being, given light upon many phases of wrong, both public and private. It is apparent to any man who reads that great combinations of capital are committing many wrongs, and wrongs of a public character are mere crimes. Industries of smaller means are being crushed out of existence to enable these great syndicates to monopolize the especial lines of trade in which they are respectively concerned. Courts and legislatures are being corrupted to gain these ends. Laws are being defied and violated with impunity. Individual effort is no longer remunerative, except as the paid servant of the powers that be. These things, and many others, have all been shown in the past few years (thanks to the Muckraker), until now the people know that the allegations are true. Nor are we confined wholly to the magazines for this information. We see it on all hands. Talk to the miner, and he will tell you what the Smelter Trust has been doing to him; that it has been taking all his profits until many of the miners' camps are practically deserted, except by the Trust. Talk to any person who has come in contact with these giants, and one can learn of their method. The principal object of the formation of society and the object of laws, is to pro-

tect the weak against the strong; not only in the preservation of life and limb against the attack of the physically strong, but also in the preservation of our property and of the right to the pursuit of happiness against the financially strong man.

No valid objection can be raised to a continuance of this educational work, and it would be a great calamity to our people should it cease. The opportune time has come, though, has it not, to discuss the conditions that make all this wrong-doing possible and to point out a remedy. Let the people once learn the cause which produces this effect and they may be trusted to eliminate it. The people may be relied upon to apply the remedy, once they learn where to apply it. They will be ready to act whenever they know what to do. Surely the time has arrived to discuss remedies.

One would say: "Prosecute them." Certainly they should be prosecuted, and much prosecution is now in progress. But that is not enough. It has been tried, and yet the crimes go on. It fails to produce the desired result. A notable case of failure is the famous Immunity Bath administered to a set of these men at Chicago a few years ago. Another is the more famous fine of over $29,000,000 imposed at Chicago. The profits derived from these gigantic wrongs are so large that an occasional fine, even up in the millions, does not act as a deterent. It is like applying a liniment to some deep-seated ailment of the body. The remedy is only local and gives but local and temporary relief. It needs a remedy that will reach the seat of the disease. A diagnosis of the disease is what is in order now, and the proper remedy. Is it not time to discuss the cause and the remedy? We know that the condition is present. What produced it? What will wipe it out?

Possibly the question is too deep for a solution. Perhaps there is no solution, and we must continue to know that these wrongs are in existence and yet we are bound hand and foot to the condition, and must go on suffering them not only to remain with us, but to grow stronger as the years go on. A discussion of these phases of the situation would at least be beneficial. A suggestion by one might set other minds to work along the same or other lines of thought that might lead towards if not to a solution.

It is not the purpose of this article to deal with the condition itself. That has already been ably done by numerous writers who have investigated the methods of these concerns, and who have given facts and figures in detail sufficient to satisfy any unbiased mind. It is assumed that most thinking men are already convinced that wrongs of the nature mentioned have been and are now being committed. This article is intended more in the nature of a suggestion of a remedy which, while it is not claimed it will wholly eradicate the evil, yet it is believed it would accomplish much good in that direction.

The remedy suggested involves a change in the Tariff legislation of this country in a particular where it is radically wrong. The change to be suggested is not such as will require the relinquishment by the United States of her theory of protection in any particular; but would simply set right a great wrong that evidently has been overlooked and would at the same time distribute the immense profits realized on account of the Tariff schedules into the hands of many instead of giving it into the hands of the few, as it does under the workings of the law as now framed. It cannot be claimed that the change suggested will do violence to the right of any man, but on the contrary it will render to many only what is their just due. The square deal is a maxim beloved by the American people, and had more to do with

the popularity of our former President than all of his other traits. The change to be suggested in the tariff legislation is nothing more than a square deal, and at the same time may be a step in the direction of suppressing the Trusts.

These immense systems that are throttling competition and taking advantage of those with whom they deal, both as buyers and sellers; these corruptionists of politics and even of the judiciary, are, to some extent at least, the offspring of the present tariff system. The tariff system is a thing of wax in the hands of an artful juggler. It is not only a mystery to the lay mind, but even the lawmakers, our Representatives in Congress, are frequently misled as to the effect of some innocent looking provision of some proposed legislation. A thing so capable of juggling and misunderstanding is on that account alone dangerous and easily made productive of much harm.

The reader need have no fear that this article will develop into a discussion of the tariff, and therefore lay it aside in disgust, for it will treat of but one feature of that subject, and of a feature, too, that the writer believes is novel. The reader will be left to his own opinion, formed from his information heretofore obtained, as to the effect the tariff has had in building up swollen fortunes. Whether you believe that it has or not, and whether you believe that the suggested change will have any effect whatever toward limiting them in the future, you must admit that the change suggested in this article is but simple justice to the working man.

That the whole tariff system was formed in the beginning and has been fostered and built up to its present proportions, solely to benefit American labor and American industry, no man can deny. The halls of Congress and the arena of American politics have resounded with that cry from the formation of our Government until the present time. The Congressional Record contains that thought expressed in words more frequently than any other single idea. Its pages are full of it. Read most any tariff speech that has ever been uttered in Congress and you will find that to be the dominant idea. Protection to American Labor has been the slogan.

Strange as it may seem, yet it is true, that notwithstanding this bounty has been voted by the people and legislated by Congress for all these years; and notwithstanding the consumer of protected goods has patriotically and willingly paid, and is still paying, all this enormous tax on most everything he eats, wears and uses, in order that American Labor shall be protected; yet this bounty has regularly gone to swell the coffers of Capital and none of it to Labor. For no law has ever been passed by Congress, nor any condition put into any tariff bill, requiring the employer to divide this bounty with his employee.

Labor has been remiss all these years, notwithstanding she has had a first-class organization, in not asserting her right. She has sat supinely by and permitted this bounty of the American people, given for its benefit jointly with Capital, to be turned into a different channel than that in which the donors intended it should go, viz.: the whole of it to Capital, and no part to Labor. This, too, without any protest on the part of Labor. Labor has had no real share in her Nation's gift. Perhaps Labor has never seen it in this light. Perhaps it has been too much hidden by the jugglers of the tariff. It is another one of the tricks of the tariff system.

To Labor let me say that one-half of that bounty is yours. A benevolent people have so decreed. Why have you never claimed it? Did you ever send lobbyists and witnesses to the Ways and Means Committee of our Congress

at Washington City to assist them in making tariff schedules and to claim that which is yours? Capital has. Perhaps that is why you have been left out while Capital has been so well taken care of. Not a Congress is held that Capital is not represented at Washington, knocking at the door of the Ways and Means Committee and asking favors. No one has ever heard of Labor being represented there claiming her portion. And yet, in a political campaign, we never hear an appeal to the voter for Protection to American Capital. The voter is made to believe that it is all for the benefit of Labor, and in that behalf a great majority of the American voters give it their sanction and go to their respective homes happy and contented in the thought that they have performed a conscientious duty to Labor; but, as a matter of fact, it is all for Capital. Another of the jokes of the tariff system. Labor has never been able to receive any more of this bounty than she has been able to make Capital disgorge by a threat to strike, or often by actual strike.

This immense bounty given by our people to protect Labor has built up large fortunes in the hands of Capital engaged in manufacturing and other industries. If that portion of it to which Labor has been heretofore fairly entitled had been distributed where it belonged it would not now be in the hands of a few men who are using the power it gives them to commit crime for further gain. Not only would the laboring man be in better circumstances, but the country at large would never have been disgraced by these corrupting influences of men of such enormous means. Much of this money today that is being distributed to endow colleges and libraries would better be put to use where it really belongs, building homes for the men to whom it really belongs.

It is high time that American Labor be let into its own. She has been despoiled of it long enough. It is right and simple justice that she should receive this gift of a benevolent people, and it is wrong that Capital should be taking more than her fair share. It is not a square deal. Organized Labor should send a committee before Congress and ask for legislation that will give her the portion of this donation that belongs to her. She would be asking no favor of Congress, but would be simply asking for her own. The Donor, too, the people, should stand with her and see that laws are passed to make her bounty to Labor effective.

Experts can easily calculate how much of the profit of any industry is produced by the duty laid on imports. Whatever the various industries are charging the people over and above what they would charge if the tariff were abolished and goods of the same kind admitted free, is the amount of profit they are making by reason of the tariff, and is the amount of the bounty this Government intended as a protection to American Industry and American Labor, and one-half thereof belongs to Labor as a matter of right. Labor will find it no inconsiderable sum.

Congress would have power to enact a law that will make an equitable division of this fund. It is a bounty by the consumer. If American manufacturers wish to profit by tariff laws and beseige Congress at every session asking schedules that will be an advantage to them, this fact would give Congress power to couple with the gift a provision making her gift accrue to the benefit of Capital and Labor both. As a condition to this favor Congress could demand that they throw open their books for the inspection of the Government experts, and that one-half of the profits of the concern be paid to the Labor employed in that industry.

Take away from these men that portion of the profits they make by rea-

son of tariff laws to which Labor is entitled, and you pull part of their fangs to say the least.

Such legislation would be right because Labor is entitled to it, and it would be salutary because it would in the future distribute this tribute of the American people into more hands, and would tend to keep down fortunes that become so large as to be a menace to good government and the prosperity of the American people.

The Better Way

James W. Phillips

We meet them in the crowded streets,
Amid the surge for bread and gain,
Encounter them in lone retreats
Bent with the burden and the bane;
We note the canker that consumes
The remnants of a better day,
And sadly see the with'ring blooms
That on their features fade away.

Insensible of God's regard,
Unmindful of a hand divine,
They reach their own, and pick the card
That always misses the design;
And circumstances they have made
Hold them to that Promethean way,
Where Sodom apples line the shade,
And simmoons of the desert play.

They stoop to pull the seeming rose,
And lo, it turns to hellebore,
And near the deadly nightshade blows
Where flowers of Eden grew before.
The poppy does not glad their path,
Nor does the lotus deck the ground,
But pale asphodels of death
Among the nettles may be found.

In hope that Memory will restore
Some petted dream, some lost delight,
They look into its urn once more,
And wipe the tear that dims their sight—
For ere the youthful zephyr blows
The ether of an earlier morn,
Behold the ashes of a rose!
Behold the fossil of a thorn!

O tired eyes that gaze on dust,
O hearts whose patience is at sea,
There is a Power that keeps in trust
The ecstasy that yet shall be.
Awake, inquire, and understand
How comes the dawning of the day;
The index of an angel's hand
Is pointing to the Better Way.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF THINGS

ALICE LOUISE LYTLE

Grand Opera

GRAND OPERA is an institution which permits people of wealth to show how many diamonds and wardrobe belongings they are possessed of and, incidentally, enables a growing number of foreigners, Italians, Germans, and French, to come to America with a small handbag and leave with six trunks.

Grand Opera was instituted by the late Richard Wagner as a means of gathering people with time and money, to pay for and listen to the operas he had written. The bass fiddle and the bass drum are the essentials of Grand Opera; any language, but English, is also a conspicuous feature, and the side graft of selling librettos to those who have paid $5 to hear the noise, is an industry which nets the Grand Opera producers much expense money.

Any city that can produce the price and a subsidized press is eligible for Grand Opera.

The price varies from $10 per box seat to $1 per inch for standing room.

The newspapers, milliners, tailors and dressmakers are all in cahoots on the Grand Opera bunco game.

The former dope out how many passes they can use, and if connections are made in this respect, they get busy with space fillers, front page, top column.

This being the tip to the dressmakers, tailors, milliners, shoe dealers, florists, and candy-makers, everybody gets happy.

The Northern Four Flushers, who finance the game of Grand Opera, proceed to supply the newspapers with dope in the shape of photographic cuts of all the Grand Opera Stars,

Signor Spaghetti is photographed in everything from a balloon to pajamas. The name, antecedents and relations of his barber are regarded as good "stuff". If he ever figured in police court or monkey-house escapades, the fact is forgotten by the press agent of Grand Opera.

Madame de Tarara is also muchly photographed; her auto veils, boots, hats, wraps, mother, poodle, and her top note, cause spasms of delight to chase up and down the spines of those who are doing without butter and eating meat every other day to save up enough money for The Tickets.

Grand Opera gives obscure men, whose voices were first cultivated while they acted as vegetable dispensers on wagons, the opportunity of going abroad with plain names and returning with added letters. Thus Dick Martin of de sixt' comes from Italy as Ricardo Martini, and traces his ancestry to the illustrious cocktail of that name. And plain Mr. Scott is Signor Scotti, after his salary, as a Grand Opera Star, becomes dropsical.

And the shop windows are filled with Spaghetti hats, Scotti shirts, Tarara veils, Martini boots.

The funerals of illustrious dead suffer for flowers, as the Grand Opera Star hogs them all, and the gates ajar, at rests and broken columns, have been shoved aside, while the florists ship out wreaths, baskets and bouquets by the wagon load.

And when it's all over and the bills begin to come in, Father swears "never again", while Mother proceeds to make over the opera glad raiment for other lesser (and cheaper) social functions.

But the next year it will be the same, with perhaps a new Italian name or two, but no reduction in the tariff.

Short Biographies of Some Southern Cities

Jacksonville, Florida, is a Southern city, surrounded by Northern influence and populated largely by saloon-keepers and wholesale liquor dealers.

It is famous as the first place, coming South, where a man can get a drink in the open, without fear of being arrested for violating the prohibition laws.

It's women are famous for their beauty, charm and manner, and for the fact that they have solved the servant problem by letting the servants run everything, unmolested by interference or restraint on the size of the accounts they run up at the stores.

The city is noted, also, for its enormous negro population, its tourists, big hotels, and the ease with which a man and his money may become separated.

Jacksonville's chief desire seems to become a P. S. of New York, and to a man up a tree it seems likely to occur.

There are several industries in Jacksonville, the chief one being that of rendering liquid relief in pints, barrels and carload lots to Georgia and other droughth-stricken States where prohibition has planted its flag.

Lumber, naval stores, souvenir postcards and alligators, on the hoof or stuffed, also tend to largely increase Jacksonville's revenue.

The hotels are manned by a set of pirates, black and white, whose charges for service vary according to the get-up of the victim.

Fat, prosperous looking men, wearing pink shirts and diamond horseshoe pins, are assessed the limit for ice water, shoe shines and "sundries." Others pay as much as they can stand without yelling for the police.

The houses built in Jacksonville since the disastrous fire of several years ago, look as though the architects had learned their profession through a correspondence school, and cut out the designs with a pair of scissors.

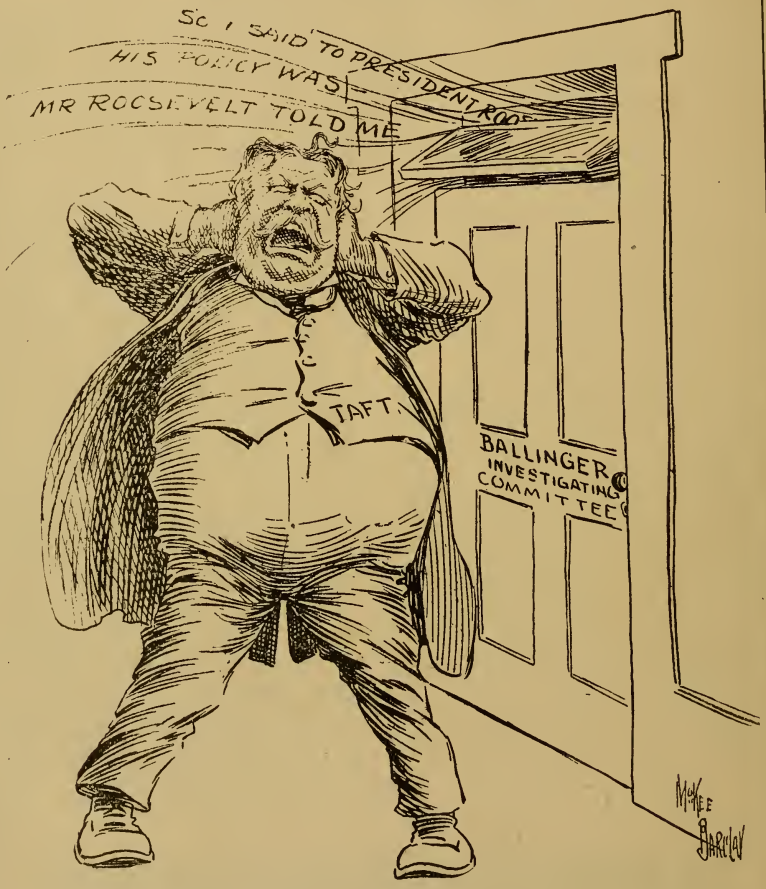
All houses have "colonial" columns, whether the house is big enough to hold them or not. The average Jacksonville house builder buys the columns first and builds the house around them, after which he adds chimneys. From the appearance of these latter, all the little Jacksonville children believe in Santa Claus, and the chimneys are built accordingly.

In winter Jacksonville's population is the capacity of the city. All the Croesuses and their wives (occasionally, also, the wives of one or two others) flock to the city for the supposedly mild weather which the railroad books assure them they will find.

Usually they don't find it, and hie themselves further South, if they have the price after the hotel people get through with them.

The chief points of interest in Jacksonville (after the souvenir post-card places) are the public parks, the waterworks and the cemeteries.

IT GETS ON THE NERVES



"Will this thing keep up forever?" —Baltimore *Sun*

GEORGE McDUFFIE

GEORGE McDUFFIE was born in 1788 and died in 1851. He was elected Governor in December, 1834.

At that time it was the custom of the Governor to hold big camp musters occasionally. All the officers in the brigade, including several counties, were called together for a week's drill and inspection. The last two or three days of the week all the soldiers of two or three regiments were called together, and it ended with a grand military display on Saturday, review by the Governor and his aides. Governor McDuffie the first year of his term held such a muster on the main road between Winnsboro and Chester, about halfway between the two towns. On Saturday evening the great display closed. The Governor and his party passing down the road Sunday morning towards Columbia came to what is now Whiteoak, on the railroad, where he passed a little humble country church where there was service appointed for that day. He and his party stopped and attended the service. At the close he was open to introductions. The congregation was small. It was in order for men, women and children to be introduced to the Governor. One little boy there, with big eyes looking with wonder and reverence at a live Governor, the first he had ever seen, was allowed to go up and let the Governor shake his hand. That was an era in his life.

About fifteen years after that I was standing in the Main street of Columbia, talking with a friend. Pointing at a carriage going slowly by he said: "There is a melancholy spectacle, George McDuffie, a physical and mental wreck". His striking face was there, but those eyes which had flashed with the light of intellect and even of genius, had lost their luster. He was in the care of a faithful servant, who was driving his carriage. Those were the only two occasions that I had the privilege of looking at Mr. McDuffie. Twenty-five years later I was spending a day or two in Wedgefield, Sumter county. Knowing that his grave was near I inquired and found a friend willing to drive me there. We passed a fine avenue of trees leading to a pile of ruins that marked the old Singleton homestead where he died. Going a little further into the deep, solemn forest of tall long-leaf pines, we came to the Singleton burying ground, fenced in with stone fence and an iron gate. There were several tombs there, but the most attractive was a tall shaft with medallion life-size profile of McDuffie, a few figures and dates and the names of the offices that he had held and this inscription: "The history of his country is his epitaph".

George McDuffie was a typical American boy, born in obscurity and poverty and working his way up to the high places of the land. Indeed, his family was so obscure, it was doubtful for a time when and where he was born. At one time it was thought South Carolina might claim him. He certainly belonged to the Scotch-Irish colony which stopped a while at Waxhaw and which gave birth to Andrew Jackson. It was a little disappointing to South Carolinians. At one time you thought you could claim Andrew Jackson and George McDuffie and you had to surrender both, one to North Carolina and the other to Georgia.

George McDuffie showed his ability very early. A brother of John C. Calhoun was attracted to him, spoke to another brother who offered to board him while he went to the celebrated school of Dr. Waddle. It is said that many years afterwards an object of curiosity was an old blue wooden trunk, box rather, without a lock, fastened by a leather strap, which carried all of

George McDuffie's worldly possessions when he left Augusta as a clerk in a store and went to that school. He was older than most of the students, but he had the advantage of a mighty intellect. It is said when they struck Virgil, they read the twenty or thirty lines, and scholars then as now were very superstitious in observing the end of the lesson, and the rest of the scholars said, "That is the end of the lesson". George said: "I can read more". "Well", said Dr. Waddle, "read on". He read on I think into the two hundred or maybe three hundred lines. He and the Virgil class parted company that day. They never met again. He went on and the striking statement is made that he prepared for the junior class of the South Carolina College in one year. The standard then was not as high. It was more common to enter the junior class than now, but that was remarkable. He was very poor in college, not only taught in vacation, but I think even the faculty let him go for a month or two during the session to teach school to raise funds. He graduated with the first honor of his class. His speech was on the Permanence of the Union. It was published by the students in their paper, a very rare compliment. If a stray copy of that speech could be found it would be read with interest.

Between December and May, in less than six months, he read all that was required for admission to the bar in both law and equity and was admitted in May, 1814, with a young man named John Belton O'Neall, afterwards Chief Justice of the State, who had graduated a year before him in the college.

He went to Pendleton, made a mistake which a good many bright young men make, ran for office too soon, was defeated, failed completely in Pendleton. Judge O'Neall says he literally did nothing, moved to Edgefield and started upon the wonderful career of brilliancy at law, and was soon in the Legislature. He entered the Legislature in 1818.

There was no great question before the country. He took up the question of giving the election of Presidential electors to the people. You all know that South Carolina prided itself on a point of principle there. When all the other States gave the election of Presidential electors to the people South Carolina restricted it to the Legislature, and even when Congress passed a law that the election for electors should take place the same day all over the Union, and that day was one on which our Legislature was not in session, our people preferred to call an extra session of the Legislature for one day rather than yield that point. But the war came on and the point was yielded. It was on subjects like that that Mr. McDuffie first attracted attention. After a speech of his on that subject the question of appropriation to the State College came up. Some were raising objections. Judge Huger made a remark that has often been quoted: "If the South Carolina College had never done anything else but send out that one man, George McDuffie, all that the State has ever given it would have been a good investment".

He soon reached Congress. He did not marry early in life. He was a single man when he reached Congress. It was known by some friends that he was very attentive to a very wealthy, attractive young lady of this State, who became his wife. In visiting Washington she frequently would go through the gallery of the House of Representatives. When she was seen there his friends would whisper about among each other: "The South Carolina orator will be at his best today". And there were some brilliant displays of his eloquence about that time. Just about the time he went to Congress, perhaps a year later, came an incident in his life that marred the life; his duel with Colonel Cumming, a lawyer of Georgia. A singular point in the

history of duelling. There were three duels between those two men at intervals of months. Colonel Cumming was never touched. Mr. McDuffie was wounded the first time. I read lately with interest a letter of Mr. Calhoun, only recently published, dated 18th of June, 1822, in which he says: "The mail today relieved Washington city of a great anxiety. We have reason to believe that our friend McDuffie is not only alive but safe, so a letter received from him today, four hours after the affair says, 'The ball entered the small of his back obliquely.'" That ball did its work just as effectually, though not as rapidly, as if it had passed through his brain. It involved thirty years of suffering, ending in a total eclipse of intellect. It does not relieve matters to read that those duels were considered unnecessary even by duelling men. Indiscretion of friends brought it on. Fifteen years afterwards John L. Wilson wrote the code of honor, giving as one reason for writing it that most of the duels, I think he said nine out of ten, were caused by the igonrance and inexperience of seconds and friends. Several years ago I had the privilege of an interview with a venerable lady in the eastern part of the State. She was a widow of an ex-member of Congress. She said that at one time her husband's room and Mr. McDuffie's room at the hotel were adjoining. She has known Mr. McDuffie to pace the floor of his room all night long, in sleepless agony. Suppose now next day in Congress some question came up deeply touching the honor and the welfare of his State or section. Is it surprising to us if he should throw himself into that debate with a heat and an energy and a passion which seemed to be and was overbearing, irritating and even insulting? In Congress there were three subjects that drew out all of Mr. McDuffie's efforts, and no one of these three subjects has lost its interest today. The first was the tariff, to which he gave a great deal of attention. It is still important. In Mr. McDuffie's day the total expenses of the government were about twenty millions. Last year they were five hundred millions. To raise an amount like that fairly, justly and equally dividing the burdens and benefits of taxation is not a simple problem. It requires the deepest statesmanship, guided by the most unselfish patriotism. The first protective tariff passed by Congress was sanctioned by Lowndes and Calhoun, of South Carolina. Even in Nullification times some of the planters in South Carolina sent out some of their interests and bought a sugar plantation. The South Carolina cotton planter was in favor of free trade. The South Carolina sugar planter in Louisiana was fond of protection. Since the war we have seen the rice planters of this State send to Congress and ask for relief. Among Mr. McDuffie's last votes in Congress were votes for the tariff of 1846. He was honest in all this. If Mr. McDuffie said that, of every hundred bales of cotton the South Carolina planter raises, forty of them go to enrich the Northern manufacturer, he was honest in his political economy, even if mistaken. He was honest in picturing the depressed condition of South Carolina and its meager prospects. He was honest when he quoted the sad lines: "To mute and to material things, new life, returning, summer brings; but, oh, my country's wintry state, what second spring can renovate?" He was not playing a part. He was sincere and honest.

The second subject that he threw great interest in: He dreaded the power of the President. The President's salary then was $25,000. Now it is $50,000. The patronage has increased in more than that proportion. It is said now, counting all the offices of all grades within the gift of the President, that they amount to 170,000. Mr. McDuffie came in contact with Jackson, who was at all times assuming responsibility. In a very famous

passage Mr. McDuffie alluded to the old mythology. He said: "Why, even Jupiter—" I am not giving his exact words literally—"shared his dominion and might with Neptune and Mars, but the President of this country takes his trident from Neptune, his dart from Mars, the thunderbolt from Jupiter, and claims them all as his right".

The third subject that Mr. McDuffie studied was corruption in public life. He said: "People ask where is corruption? I do not see it. How can you expect to see it? You might as well expect to see the pestilence that walks in darkness embodied in visible shape". And he added: "Eve fell in the Garden of Eden with less temptation than now besets a man in public life". That question is still important. The charge of corruption is very often made by writers and speakers in all parts of the country. This is a fact, and one other fact must exist. Those charges must be true; there must be a great deal of corruption outside of the writers and speakers. If that part of the country is not corrupt, then the writers and speakers must be corrupt in throwing such charges about.

Mr. McDuffie's style was remarkable. It is an old story that Demosthenes, when asked for the first, second and third elements of oratory said, "Action, action, action". Some Greek scholar suggested that exactly what Demosthenes meant might be expressed more completely by the word "Energy, energy, energy". That certainly comes nearer expressing Mr. McDuffie's power; energy. His style was vehement, even violent. I remember hearing a professed elocutionist, who had spent some time in Washington, imitating leading orators, giving extracts from their speeches and impersonating them in a very instructive way. When he was describing McDuffie and imitating him, he would strike the table in front of him with his fist and the palm of his hand. He would lift up the table and dash it down on the floor. All that was thought not extravagant in imitating Mr. McDuffie.

An intelligent young lady from England was in the gallery of the House, and seeing Mr. McDuffie there throwing his arms about, she said to her friends: "Are you not afraid of that man throwing his fists about so wildly? Won't they fly off and hit somebody?" That was her pleasant way of expressing his violence of manner. I have heard those familiar with him speak of a very singular feature of his style. Sometimes in the very midst of an ambitious sentence there would be a startling pause of some appreciable time, his eyes and face expressing intense energy, his mouth open, his tongue vibrating rapidly, so as to remind the onlooker sometimes, if he was in the midst of a terrible burst of invective or indignation, as was often the case, of the tongue of an adder or viper, but after the momentary, painful pause, the words would come out with tremendous, explosive force. A single sentence, which I just repeat literally, I have heard quoted by persons as having a wonderful effect. He was in Augusta. There was a convention of the Carolinas and Georgia. He was speaking of the intimate relation between the States, and he uttered this short sentence with his rtemendous energy: "Let Georgia once sound the tocsin of alarm, and the clans of Carolina will rally to her rescue". As he was born in one State, and got his honors in the other, he was a suitable man to represent this intimate connection of the two States.

The Nullification campaign was in its climax when he was Governor. That is a long and painful story to tell, and shall not be attempted here. The issue was a very simple one. Congress had passed a law that certain articles coming into Charleston harbor should pay certain duties. It was a simple question, whether one State should cancel, erase, abolish, nulify the Act of Congress. There are not many now

living who remember to have seen a cockade on a Nullifier's hat. If young ladies will think of a rosette, made up of blue ribbon, the rosette as large nearly as a silver dollar; now, on the middle of that fasten a gilt button, with the palmetto on it. That was the Nullifier's cockade; that was his flag; that was his creed. The men of that day wore beaver hats. That cockade put on the left side of the hat was the Nullifier's flag flying. The absence of that usually meant a Union man. The very cockade was almost an invitation to a fight; it was like a chip which a young fellow puts on his shoulder and goes about with, challenging the opposition, the State of South Carolina and the universe to knock it off. The cockade was about like that, and not many salesdays or court weeks passed without a fight. It drove the dividing line through the State. A father would be on one side, a Union man, and his son a Nullifier. Of two boys, one would put on the cockade, the other would not. The subject came up at the dinner table and everywhere; some of the best citizens left the State in disgust and despair, trying to find in other States the harmony and peace which South Carolina did not give them. This county was largely Union, but there were some Nullifiers in old Spartanburg. Years ago, in looking over old papers, I found a handbill signed by a committee of Nullifiers in Spartanburg, warning their friends not to go into the Courthouse on the Fourth of July, as the Union men were to meet there. The two parties could not meet together in an old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration to rejoice over English tyranny being abolished. No, they were Nullifiers and Unionists. About that time some early risers in the little village of Spartanburg were surprised to find an effigy of Calhoun hanging from the limb of a tree, very near where the Morgan monument now stands. John C. Calhoun was then understood to mean John Cataline Calhoun when the opposing party desired to translate his middle initial. It entered the pulpit. In some places preachers were demanded to show their colors; if not to wear a cockade, at least to let it crop out in some way or somewhere, whether he was a Union man or a Nullifier. Dr. Beacham, a celebrated Lutheran preacher in Charleston, knew that he would be closely watched for some indication on a Sunday, when it was understood the city preachers would be expected to say something. He determined that his people should hear a good sermon on that day, with neither tariff nor free trade, Nullifier nor Union in it. After opening the services as usual, he opened the Gospel of Matthew and read the fifth, sixth and seventh chapters without note or comment, and dismissed the congregation as usual, giving them the Sermon on the Mount. Can you think now of a sensible man declining to eat Irish potatoes because they came from the North? Can you think of a sensible lawyer saying that rather than ride his circuit on a Kentucky horse and eat Kentucky bacon, he would walk from one courthouse to another, and eat snowbirds? Can you think of George McDuffie himself giving his broadcloth coat to one of his negroes, saying it was only fit to be the livery of a slave, and dressing in home-spun, home-made clothing? Governor Perry gives all these instances as actually occurring.

At a public meeting, an ardent Nullifier went so far as to say something like this: "I don't believe any man here loves the Union. I defy any man to rise and put his hand on his heart and say he loves the Union". Old Colonel Samuel Warren rose on a wooden leg, with a crutch under his arm, and said: "I fought for the Union. I can say I love it". May we not, while looking back on those men with respect, even with due reverence, learn some lessons about the extravagance, the ungodliness of zeal, the tyranny of partisan public spirit, the danger of

elevating every preference to a principle, the danger of taking a theory or maxim of Political Economy, and ranking it among the Ten Commandments? Are there no lessons for us there?

Look at it from this point of view: The population of South Carolina was a little over half a million, black and white, 56 per cent. being black. Here, now, you have a white population of not more than a quarter of a million, of both sexes and all ages. If every young man old enough to vote and to fight had been an ardent Nullifier, it looks like it would have been a rather solemn, grave position for that one State to defy the Union. That was not the case. The white fighting population of South Carolina was very painfully and not very equally divided. When the test comes many, even in crises, will stay away from the polls from discretion, from indifference, from doubt. The vote stood in round numbers 20,000 Nullifiers, 15,000 Union men. Now, does it not look tragic, pathetic—(I do not care to apply other adjectives to it just now)—to see a small State painfully divided, not very unequally, but with two parties, each hating the other only less than both hated the section which they thought was impoverishing the State—to see a little State, so divided, flinging defiance at the other twenty-three States? Look at it calmly in the perspective of history. Yet Mr. McDuffie drew up a very strong paper, with all his eloquence and energy. He said in the close he "did not believe that the Union would attempt by force to collect those taxes, but," said he, "if it does, we pledge ourselves we will not submit as long as there is a man to oppose it"; and then added, in his characteristic way: "far better that South Carolina be the cemetery of free men than the habitation of slaves". And one ardent man, excited by the situation, and speaking of a possible collision, rose into poetry for a time almost. Said he: "The man that gets upon the field before me will have to rise before the break of day and sharpen his sabre by the light of the morning star". I remember a very little boy, looking up with admiration at a young Irishman, who had come to the country fifteen or twenty years before, who was speaking on the subject of taxes and used these words: "I would wade knee deep in blood to kill Andrew Jackson". I looked with wonder, reverence, awe, admiration, at a man that would wade in blood. I never did that as a boy. I had tried some little experiments in wading in shallow, muddy water, but that was not wading in blood. Here is a man that is willing to do that, and push his way through blood that is over his boots, up to his knees, and for what? To get a chance to kill somebody or something. If I had been asked who Andrew Jackson was then, I think I should have drawn his picture with horns and hoofs. He must have been a fiend surely, but that was the talk that boys heard. South Carolinians, you that are now surrounded by advantages and benefits that our fathers did not know then, will scarcely read without a blush the statement which history cannot conceal. Both Nullifiers and Union men poured out their money freely to carry that election. In one part of the State one of the parties made a distinction that perhaps would not occur to you now. They said about this: "Oh! We would not think of trying to bribe a white man for his vote, offering him money for his vote. Of course we would not, but we will supply every poor white man liberally with money so that if the other party is mean enough to try and bribe him, we will put him above the reach of temptation". Twenty years later that scene was repeated. There was another political election almost as bitter as that of Nullification. Colonel William C. Preston was noticed on the train coming at an unusual time from Washington, where he was a member of Congress. He was asked what was

the matter. He said: "I understand a vote is worth fifty dollars in South Carolina. I thought it was a good time to come home".

About that time two popular, wealthy men ran for the office of Senator in one of the middle counties. The defeated candidate said afterwards to a friend: "I spent ten thousand dollars on the campaign. My opponent spent fifty thousand. I found it would break me. I gave it up". One of those men was reported as saying that the vote of a man was as really his property as his bale of cotton or his mule, and it was his right and privilege to take that vote into the market.

McDuffie was the Governor of the State in 1834. The Governor's office then was a light one compared to its responsibilities now. It was one of great dignity, but very little responsibility, except in one direction. He was not required to live in Columbia. He could live at his own plantation, except the month of December he must spend in Columbia. He had no veto power. There was no penitentiary or imprisonment for life. Still he had the pardoning power, which was about the only responsibility resting on the Governor of that day. When David Johnson was Governor a lawyer went to him with a petition, very anxious to secure a pardon for a client. When he went back home some one said: "Did you get your pardon?" "No", said he, "but I have seen a sublime thing that touched me. I have seen the Governor of South Carolina refuse a pardon with tears in his eyes".

Governor McDuffie did two things in his Governorship of different value, but both worth mentioning briefly. About that time one of the punishments for a grade of murder was to brand a man. A bar of iron with a raised letter "M" at one end of it was made red hot and pressed against the cheek or brow of the murderer. If a thief, a letter "T" was branded on his hand. The tradition, I don't suppose that was the law, was that the iron should stay there long enough for him to repeat, three times, "God save the State". You can imagine there was some pretty rapid pronunciation about that time. A physician was usually near with his chemicals to erase the mark. There was a case from Fairfield calling for branding. The Governor, properly looking upon it as an old relic of barbarism, called the attention of the Legislature to it, and they abolished the law.

Another thing he did of far more importance; he reorganized the South Carolina College. The historian of that college says at the end of 1834: "The College was certainly in a deplorable condition, students fifty or less, perhaps twenty at the end of the year". That was exactly the state of affairs when Mr. McDuffie took charge of his office as President of the Board of Trustees. The college was reorganized. In 1835, and just before his influence had time to be of effect, there were twelve graduated in each class. In 1837 there were more than forty, the largest class, with perhaps one exception, that had ever then graduated. So he put the college not only on its former plane of usefulness, but on a still higher career.

After his Governorship was over he retired to his plantation in the flatwoods of Abbeville on the Savannah river, a very successful cotton planter. In 1840 he was called on once or twice. The death of Governor Hayne had startled the State. The City Council of Charleston asked him to deliver an eulogy on ex-Governor Hayne, which he did with great ability. Later in the year he delivered an agricultural address in Columbia. That being the year of the Presidential campaign he threw himself into that. The debate was between Whigs and Democrats. Some young teachers of more than ordinary intelligence cannot now tell the difference between a Whig and a Democrat.

so easily are these lines rubbed out. There was a scene, continued for several nights in succession in Columbia, that was handed down by tradition among the students and the people who lived there. There were two very large old buildings near where the Catholic church is; the old Circus and the Old Theater. On one night Mr. Preston would speak to the Whigs, on the next night Mr. McDuffie would address the Democrats. That was kept up for two or three nights in succession. It was a war of the giants. Tradition long kept up the close of Mr. McDuffie's final speech. After pouring out all his vials of wrath on William C. Preston—they had been in college together, just a year apart—after describing him as the strolling orator, the vagrant politician, the mountebank statesman, he closed with a passage from Addison's Cato with all his energy, applying it to Preston: "O Portius, is there not some chosen curse, some hidden thunder in the vault of heaven, red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man that owes his greatness to his country's ruin"?

In 1842 he was sent to the Senate of the United States. He stayed there only four years. His health was failing. He took part in the great questions of Oregon and Texas, but perhaps added nothing to his previous high reputation.

For two or three years before his death, in 1851, the State was shaken by a political storm only less bitter than that of Nullification. It never disturbed him in the least. As a critical test, one day a friend read to him the fine passage about Mars and Neptune and Jupiter. The dull eye made no response. The splendid intellect was a blank.

"The History of the Country is His Epitaph". That was only the expression of partial friendship. There are very few persons of whom that could be written with historic accuracy and truth. I have looked into several stories of this State written since then, and you will find his name among the list of Governors. Perhaps a quarter of a page may be given him. That is all. You may look into some general histories of the United States written since then. You may find his name in a foot-note. You may find a page or a half page in an encyclopedia associated with his name. Years ago I was at a commencement in another State. A South Carolina boy was delivering a speech, and as some South Carolina boys will do he dwelt on South Carolina's great men. Among them he came out impressively with "McDuff". Will, thought I, the very pronunciation of the man's name be forgotten?

Judge O'Neall had met George McDuffie in debate in the Clariosophic Society in college. Their intimacy was kept up through life, though their politics was as wide apart as the poles. A few months after George McDuffie died Judge O'Neall, when called upon by the students of Davidson College, gave them an address. He took "Oratory and Eloquence" and sketched some of the great men that he had known. He gave a characterization of McDuffie in a few sentences. Afterwards when Judge O'Neall in his "Bench and Bar" referred to McDuffie, he said he would close with what he he had said at Davidson College. He did not know that he could describe him better than in those words. You may take them as the estimate of one who knew McDuffie well:

"With a thousand times more honesty, McDuffie has surpassed the most brilliant efforts of France's greatest orator, Mirabeau. McDuffie, with a head as clear as a sunbeam, with a heart as pure as honesty itself, and with a purpose as firm as a rock, never spoke unaccompanied with a passionate conviction of right which made his arguments as irresistible as the rushing flood of his own Savannah".

A TRAGEDY OF THE COMMONPLACE

HELEN TOMPKINS

SHE looked across at me meditatively. "It is the Scotch blood," she repeated for the second time helplessly, as if that explained everything.

"Scotch or Irish, I cannot see that the blood makes any difference," I said crossly. "She is a very obstinate young person, Betty, I know that. And it puts me in a rage when I remember that Arthur's lifelong happiness is dependent, you know, upon her whims."

"Ah, you may feel that way now, but, you see, you have not talked with Jocelyn," said Jocelyn's sister-in-law triumphantly. "When you have—"

"When I have talked with her I shall feel just as I do now," I persisted, stubbornly.

"It is the Scotch blood," she said again—still helplessly. "I presume that I have told Jocelyn a hundred times that I thought she was utterly unreasonable." "Yes!" she turned impatiently. "What is it *now*, Mollie?"

Mollie, the maid-servant, gaunt, grim and ill-favored, stared past her mistress and at me a little rudely. She was angular and bony, her thin, colorless hair was brushed tightly back from her sallow face, her faded print frock on which gaudy, impossible dahlias once bloomed, was now limp and drab from innumerable washings, and the skimpy skirt reached barely to the top of her coarse boots. She carried a basket in her hand.

Betty McGregor lifted her pretty eyebrows impatiently. "What is it, Mollie?" she asked again.

Mollie flushed slowly. "It is the marketing, Miss Betty," she said a little hurriedly. "Miss Jocelyn told me to ask you about it."

Betty McGregor lifted her slender, ringless hands in the familiar, deprecating gesture that her admirers thought so adorable.

"If Jocelyn has already been good enough to tell you what to get, Mollie," she said wearily, "do, for pity's sake, go on and get it and be done with it! I am sure that if the child chooses to be annoyed with the drudgery of the housekeeping, I am only too glad to get it off my hands."

Mollie backed out of the room slowly and awkwardly enough, the basket still held like a shield before her. "My dear Betty, I must say that *that* does not look as if Jocelyn was—eh?" I said significantly.

She frowned. "Jocelyn *is* Jocelyn, you see," she said shortly. "She is as contradictory and perverse, Colonel Edgely, as it is possible for a pretty young girl to be. And yet I must say that I cannot help but adore her in spite of her perversity."

"I, too, am very fond of the child," I said deliberately. "I presume that you know that, Betty, just as Jocelyn herself knows it. It has been the dream of my life that she and my nephew should learn to care for each other. And now comes this incoherent letter that has brought me down here to see what you have been doing to her. What does she mean by it, eh?"

Jocelyn's pretty sister-in-law closed her lips resolutely and hesitated. "I am not going to complain of the child," she said in a reluctant, motherly way that I thought was vastly becoming. "I only want you to talk to Jocelyn, my friend—to hear the child's story, and to hear it from her own lips."

"I mean to," I said bluntly. "That is precisely what I have come down for, Betty."

Betty McGregor rose hurriedly. "And just in time, comes the child herself," she said in a flurried fashion. "Colonel Edgely has been waiting *ages* for you, Jocelyn. See that you keep him for dinner," and she caught up the tail of her white gown and whisked out of the room.

I rose a little hastily, forgetting my anger. "Jocelyn!" I cried. "Jocelyn—my dear, *dear* child!"

The girl whom I had come so far to see, to reason with, slipped her cool little hand in mine, but claiming the privileges of an old man to whom her mother had once been very dear, I drew her head down upon my breast and kissed her.

"How *like* your mother you grow, Jocelyn," I said a little stupidly. "How cruelly, *cruelly* like!"

She slipped out of my arms confusedly. "Am I more like her than I was the last time you me?" she asked mischievously, but I noticed that there were tears in her soft eyes, and that she looked at me wistfully. "You said much the same thing then, I remember."

I pinched her cheek. "Never mind about that now, child," I said gently. "I am here now to scold you, you know, dear—as you deserve to be scolded. What is all this foolishness that you have been writing to Arthur?"

Facing me fully now, with the sunlight in her face, I saw a change in her pretty, childish beauty that wrung my heart. Even the lips—the eyes—had aged and hardened somehow. For the first time the thought that there might be something more in the situation than the

perversity born of a girlish whim smote cold upon my heart.

"What is it, Jocelyn?" I asked her gravely. "Has Arthur offended you, my child?"

She shook her head. "Come away from the house," she said wearily. "I feel suffocated somehow. I will tell you all about what you want to know, just as I would have told Arthur, had I dared."

She led the way down the steps of the veranda and out into the tiny garden, gay with late-blooming roses. She was a slender slip of a thing, was little Jocelyn, with eyes as grey and deep as her mother's had been in the old days when she broke my heart with her wilfulness. But there was a hurt in the grey eyes now that brought a sob to my throat.

We sat down together, she and I, on a garden bench. "We will hear all about it now, little girl," I said, still gently lest I frighten her. "I am going to clear up all the trouble, you know—for your sake, my child, as well as Arthur's."

She shook her head again. "The trouble is past ending, dear," she said in the fresh, young voice—a bit tired now—that brought the old days and my own pitiful love-story so sorrowfully back to me. "And it is nothing new, you know. Only I am trying my best now to think of Arthur and his happiness instead of my own—and you must help me."

"Sure, and it's a queer way you seem to have of studying his happiness," I said, trying my best to speak sternly. I looked at the young lady's downcast eyes, the soft cheeks that had lost all of their faint bloom, and a sudden, unreasoning anger tore my heart. "You are in love with Arthur and he is in love with you," I said it may be a bit roughly. "You have promised him solemnly to be his wife. And now of a sudden you write him—"

"That a marriage between us is impossible," she said. Her voice had caught the temper of my own, and was now firm and clear.

"Why?"

Her glance faltered—fell. "Because a marriage with me could bring him only wretchedness," she said, in a low, tense voice.

"Have you ceased to care for him?"

She hesitated. "I may as well tell you the truth, I dare say," she said faintly. "No."

I pondered over this astonishing admission for a moment in silence. "We will leave the lad for the moment out of the question, I think," I said then, deliberately. "I am an old man, child, and your mother once disappointed me cruelly. I had hoped that you—"

"Oh, hush!" she whispered, but the words died in a childish sob that was strangled bravely in her tightened throat. Jocelyn was very reticent in her moods. Even in her evident despair now she still preserved a certain amount of reservation.

I stroked her hand soothingly. "Tell me what it is, Jocelyn," I begged. "There is nothing so bad, remember, that it cannot be remedied." The triteness of the words sounded silly even to me.

"Suppose that I knew that a marriage with me could bring the man I love only wretchedness—" She began the sentence bravely enough.

I shook my head again. "You are acting unlike yourself, Jocelyn," I said fretfully. "In your mother such conduct would not have surprised me—she was a poor thing at best in some ways. But I must say that I am disappointed in you."

She faced me bravely, but with a little frown. "I am of Scotch birth, you know," she said reluctantly. "If there is the shadow of a coming tragedy in my life—one that it is given to me to foresee—"

I laughed alond in sheer relief. "My *dear* child," I said patiently. "If it is a case of nerves, you know—"

She raised her hand, and there was a faint touch of authority in the gesture. "It is not a matter of nerves," she said quietly. "I am never ill and never nervous. O, if you could only make me believe it was that I would thank you all the days of my life!"

She checked herself on the brink of saying something else and blushed. "I am going to try to explain to you," she said in a lower voice. "I could not talk about it to Betty, although she is kindness itself and I have tried hard enough to do so. And I cannot tell Arthur. If he should laugh at me, I am afraid that I could not bear it."

Mollie passed us, slowly walking up the garden path. The sun was full in her face, and she shaded her eyes a little and stared at me almost rudely. Jocelyn did not speak until the last flutter of her faded frock had vanished within the house.

"I thought for a long time that there would be a tangible, rational, practical explanation of the mystery," she said at last simply, and yet with a certain amount of irritation. "I used to pray so that there might be. A slight defect of vision—some little-understood action of a fractious brain-cell—"

I did not speak. "Why don't you say—*something?*" she said to me at last, fiercely.

"My dear child, what in the world is there for me to say? You are talking the veriest nonsense! I haven't the faintest idea what you are trying to tell me."

She stirred impatiently in her seat, then sighed. "That is the reason why I entered into the engagement at first," she said fretfully. "We were so much in love with each other,

however, that I lost my head, I suppose, as other girls do and have done—since the beginning of time."

I only stared at her uncomprehendingly. "You will doubtless explain your meaning later," I said politely. "Frankly, just now—"

She seemed for the moment to have quite forgotten me. "I was a child the first time it happened," she said in a low voice. "The others had gone away somewhere—out of the house, I mean. And for the moment the room was quite still. I was writing a letter to my father, a hard enough task I remember for my clumsy fingers, and I was not thinking of anything but the letter. I am not sure that I heard any sound. But I looked up suddenly and it stood outside the window in the faint darkness—"

"What?"

"A vague shape. I can find no other words to describe it, I think. It was scarcely more than the faintest shadow of a shadow, grey and formless and misty. It vanished even as I looked at it, or, rather, passed slowly out of sight.

"I cannot remember that I was in the least frightened. I was not very imaginative, and the hour was still early. Even as I sat there, with the passing of the shadow I could plainly hear the voices of the children—the squabbling of the twins—the sharp tones of the nurse. And by and by they all came in and we had tea, and I was tucked away in my little bed as usual."

"I don't know how long it was after that before anything else happened. I know that I seldom thought of that night and of the grey shadow crossing the little square of light outside the window, with feet that left no sound on the soft turf. And I told nobody about it. And then one day something happened that then and there recalled the whole thing to my mind.

"I was reading a book in a little sheltered corner of the veranda at home. My father was working in the garden among his roses, and whenever I lifted my eyes from my book I could see his face. And then quite suddenly something near me stirred—without sound. And again I saw the same vague, grey shape—the shadow of a shadow—vanishing like a wisp of thistledown even as I looked at it.

"I was not in the least frightened, even then. I rubbed my eyes and laid my book aside. 'My eyes are growing weak,' I said to myself, and tried again to conjure up the vague shape that had flitted across the sunny porch. But the effort was in vain.

"I thought but little even of his. I remember that I took a tonic for my nerves, and a little later had my eyes examined. But I was quite well and strong, in spite of the tonic, and the eminent oculist whom I consulted confirmed me in the opinion that there was nothing wrong with my eyes.

"After that, there was nothing to do but wait—for months and months. I did not see anything that puzzled me—that was in the least mysterious—for months and months. Only, now and then, I was conscious if I was quite alone—if I was utterly quiescent—that a shadowy presence had just passed me. It was always vague—always indefinite—always grey. If I looked at times like these at a book, the leaves had just ceased to flutter—if I touched a chair, it had just ceased swaying—in my favorite corner of the piazza the rose that I reached up to pluck drifted ungathered by hand of mine from the stem. If I sang, the words which I had meant to sing had just died on the quiet air.

"I tried to forget it. I took another tonic for my nerves bitterer than the first, and I went in for golf—a thing that I had always hated. If only there had ever been something in the least tangible—but there never was. And then, you see, Arthur came.

"I am not going to dwell upon that part of it, you know—there is no reason why I should. The reality of first love was strong enough to banish the vague, fluttering ghosts that barely haunted me. I saw nothing, heard nothing, more for months. I forgot even that I had ever either heard or seen anything that I ought not. And then one day—"

I stared at her open-mouthed. "My *dear* Jocelyn!" I stammered blankly.

"Wait until I have finished," she said, but not in the least impatiently. "You see I have undertaken rather a hard task. I am trying to make you understand something that I do not understand myself.

"Then last June something else happened. We had all gone for a long drive, and it was getting late when I got home. I was not in the least tired, but the day had been warm and the party rather a gay one. It was nearing sunset when I had changed my gown and come down stairs again, but the house was not in the least dark. I did not know where the others were. I sat down in a low chair and leaned back to rest.

"As I did so I started suddenly, every nerve on the alert. Before me in the still lighted room wavered a shadow—scarcely so indefinite as the wraith that I had seen that first night so long ago. For the barest fraction of a second it stood there, while I gazed at it critically. It was the figure of a woman. She was tall, I judged rather above than below the medium height, and slender. So much I was able to distinguish in the slow moment that I gazed at her. I could not tell whether she was old or young. Her face was averted—"

"She left the impression upon my mind, when I closed my eyes for a moment and opened them to find her gone, that she had simply passed out of the room—not vanished in the proper acceptation of the term.

"The one peculiar thing about the whole matter was the utter lack of terror that the passing of the shadow inspired in me. Then, as at other times, I said nothing whatever about my experience. The others came in and I sang the songs that Arthur asked me to sing, and laughed at Betty when she rallied me about my serious face.

"After that I came to look for her—the grey shadow, the ghost that waited neither for time nor solitude. Once when we sat, Betty, Garrett, Arthur and I, beside the fire, I looked up to see the shadow which I had learned to hate fall across the glow of the leaping flame. Once she stared at me through the open window—I looked up a little too late to meet her glance. Once I felt her skirts brush against mine in the darkness, and a dozen times her voice has caught up the notes of a song that I had only thought of singing."

She leaned forward, my little Jocelyn, and laid her hand upon my shoulder. "The vision has grown plainer and plainer," she said, with a little frightened sob. "I have seen it a dozen times within the last few months. There is a background to the shadow always now. There is a queer road stretching north and south, and lying quite level in the soft rays of the setting sun. There is something very peculiar—ver strange—about this road, but I can never see it very plainly. And near it—never in it—the figure always stands now. The face is always averted. If I could only see it plainly once. But I never can. The figure stands—*thus*—with an arm thrown up as if to shield the eyes from some horror—the other arm flung outward as if to wave something back!"

"In the first place—" I began weakly.

"In the first place, there is no earthly use of arguing with me," she said calmly. "I am not in the least mad, I assure you. I am convinced, however, that I am inexorably nearing some crisis in my fate, and I am quite determined that the shadow into which I am drifting shall fall across no other path than mine."

"You should have thought of *that* earlier, Jocelyn," I said a bit sulkily. "Has your mother's influence over my life been less that she stood with another man before God's holy altar, and that another's blood flows in her children's veins?"

Her face, shadowed already, darkened still more hopelessly. "I am trying to do the very best that I can," she said simply. "You cannot know what a strain I have borne and am bearing now. If there was only one single touch of the practical—the commonplace—about the affair! If for one single moment I could touch the barest shred of the skirts of the shadow. If for the vaguest fraction of a fleeting second I could see her face—it seems to me that I could bear it all better. But—" She leaned forward again yearningly. "I am so young," she pleaded pitifully. "If I were only older it might not be so hard! I love the straight, safe ways, you know, and the sunshine and love—the love that comes to other girls as young as I—"

Suddenly, even as she spoke, I saw a change as swift as the passing of a frost-wreath cross her white face. It had been sad enough before, but now it grew ghastly.

"Jocelyn!" I cried out, and caught her hands roughly. "Jocelyn—Jocelyn!!"

Her breath came in a shaking sob, but the color did not come back to her face. She trembled, and her fingers closed over mine so tightly that the pain made me wince.

"Jocelyn!" I shook the child again, roughly enough. "What ails you, child? Shall I call Betty?"

Her glance wavered a little. She stared at me. "What does it mean?" she whispered dully. "I tell you I saw it again—just now. The sweep of strange highway lying level and black in the failing rays of the sun and stretching—for miles and miles! And the Shadow standing near it. Why does she haunt me so? God knows I never harmed her—nor any one! O, if I could only once see her face! Why does she turn it from me, as though I walked beside a horror too awful to be borne?"

A sound startled me. "Did you call me, Miss Jocelyn?"

"Miss McGregor is ill, Mollie," I said quickly. "She has had something like a fainting fit. Can you get some wine for her without alarming the others?"

My little girl's soft color came back with the liquor which I pressed to her white lips. "Take me away!" she said faintly, as soon as she could speak. "I cannot bear to stay here and face—Her again. For God's sake take me away!"

Looking anxiously from her to Mollie, whose face was almost as ghastly as her own, I was seized with a sort of panic myself. "I will not leave you,dear," I said soothingly. "Why, Jocelyn, call up your common sense, my child. Nothing can harm you."

A long fit of shuddering shook her from head to foot. "It is the increasing plainness of the vision that terrifies me," she said in the same low, terror-stricken voice. "This time I could almost see her face. And the road was so plain, you know. Straight and level, on the left of a little knoll on which a dying maple stands. I saw the dead leaves upon it flutter-

ng vaguely in the sunset breeze. On the ight, a line of low hills sloping away towards he sunset. And over all the soft evening ight falling on the central figure—the wo- nan, with her averted face and hands that eemed trying to thrust me from her—"

"Jocelyn, this is madness!" I said sternly. Where is your good sense, child—your self- ontrol?"

Her heavy eyes met mine bravely—then fell. I do not think that I have either sense or elf-control left now," she said doggedly, still n a low voice. "Please be as patient with me s you can."

I looked across from the tragedy in her oung eyes to the vague distress in Mollie's ull, commonplace features and the indefinite ues of the withered dahlias in her faded rock. "You may go now," I said to the oman. "Miss McGregor will not need you urther. I am going to take her out in the resh air for a little while."

Jocelyn looked at me passively enough. "It s coming," she said then, despairingly. "It is lmost here! You mean to be very good to ie, I know, but even you cannot help me now. Across the waste of time and limitless space She is coming to meet me and the horror that s to come!"

"Jocelyn!" I took her cold little hands in ny own trembling ones. "This is worse than nadness, child! Good God, what have the thers been thinking of to allow you to drift nto such a state as this! Come outside, dear, or a little while among the roses. I will wire o town for a specialist before I sleep!" I dded the last words to myself, fervently.

She smiled sadly, but followed me outside vithout resistance. The house was still quiet. Evidently Betty was away. I saw Mollie still overing agitatedly in the background. Joce- yn smiled as she saw her.

"She and Betty do not get on very well to- ether," she said slowly, "but Mollie is a dear, ven if she is so hopelessly stupid. She and I re both a very severe tax on poor Betty's pa- ience, I am afraid—poor Betty, who so loves verything that is bright and jolly and clever."

The sun was near the setting. There was a lope of green velvet stretching away from Betty's roses to the river not far away. I felt he quiver of Jocelyn's arm as it rested on nine, and I knew that her latest shock had een almost too much for her. I strove with ll my might to divert her mind.

"Our good Mollie may be all devotion to our interests, my dear," I said gently. "I hould say, however, that her very presence in he house can be little less than a thorn in he flesh to Mistress Betty."

"I am sure that you are right," said Joce- yn, indifferently. Her obstinate mind, still overwrought, stubbornly refused to follow the way I would have led it. "Mollie was my mother's friend long years ago, and she is my friend now. There is no hardship that she would not suffer for me—" Again her thoughts flew off at a tangent. "Shall I see the Shadow again, do you think?" she asked, with something almost like wildness in her agitated voice. "Or have I had my last warning?"

But I was quite as obstinate this time as she. "I am here to take care of you, Jocelyn," I said mildly, "but it must be in my own way and after my own fashion. And I have had quite enough of shadows and warnings, if you please, to last me for a long time to come. Now, I have no fancy to wander along the river-bank in the gloaming with you and waste the time talking folly."

She tried to laugh feebly as I tucked her hand resolutely in my arm and turning a little sharply away from the river, with its eternal whispering, I led her down a long flight of steps to the level, where a dull line of gleaming rails stretched away to the north. A railway had been recently built from the city ten miles south of us to the Pacific Junction lying a dozen miles quite in the other direction. To my mind the country home that had been the pride of Betty McGregor's heart was quite spoiled by it.

"I see the new road is finished," I said grumblingly, still striving with all my might to divert Jocelyn's mind from the subject which occupied it. "You need not expect many visits from me in the future, my lady Jocelyn. I do not like the flavor of coal smoke that mingles with your sister's roses, and I have no mind to have my slumbers broken by the fiendish shrieking and infernal jangling bells of the passing trains."

"The trains have been running now for more than a month. We have grown quite accustomed to them now," she said listlessly. "It is not so bad when you once grow accustomed to it—nothing is, you know."

I stole a glance at her white face and heavy eyes, and gave over the hope of being able to divert her mind into healthier, saner channels. "Is that a Cherokee-rose blooming yonder?" I asked suddenly. "I do not know what it can be doing there, but it seems to me that—"

"It is a Cherokee-rose—yes," she said. "The railway is cut through an old rose-garden here, you know, and the spades of the laborers, that sacrificed everything else, seem to have spared the root. Wait—I will get one of the blossoms for you."

A second later she had run down the steep embankment. I watched her idly as she twisted the thorny spray of blossoms in her fingers. "Come, Jocelyn!" I called to her a little anxiously. I was eager to get back to the house

—eager to send the wire which I fully meant to send before I slept. I was alarmed for the child's sanity as well as her health.

But the girl's momentary animation seemed quite gone again. She began to retrace her steps, however, in answer to my summons a little languidly. Just as she reached the center of the railway track she paused again, and with restless, uncertain fingers began idly stripping the faint white petals from the roses which she held. For the moment I saw with a little pang that the child had forgotten her errand—forgotten her whereabouts—forgotten me. I called out to her again. "Jocelyn—Jocelyn!" I cried a bit unsteadily, but in that vague borderland of the soul in which she wandered my voice could not reach her.

And, then, just as I called out for the last time, I saw something that filled my shrinking soul with an agony too deep for expression. Behind her, bearing down upon that childish, unconscious figure in the center of the railway track, between the gleaming lines of rails, was the headlight of an engine!

I forgot my seventy odd years and the crippled ankle that rendered even walking under ordinary circumstances extremely difficult. Some way—somehow—I reached the bottom of the embankment, knowing all the while that Marion's child was doomed—that I could never reach her in time—that no matter how hard I might try—it would be too late!

I tried to call out, never knowing whether I uttered a sound or not. I was facing the child and the coming train as I ran. But if she heard me she neither stirred nor answered. And then, still running, although I knew that it was of no use—although I knew that I could never reach her before that hellish mass of insensate steel and iron was down upon her, crushed her under the heavy wheels, I stepped upon a bit of outcropping rock that slipped treacherously under my feet, and then stumbled forward to my knees—helpless.

I thought that I heard the echo of the cry which I knew that I had tried to utter somewhere in front of me, and calling back my straying wits I looked up. The sun was quite down now, it was growing dusk, and the line of rails stretched fair before me in the glare of the light from the engine. On the left, as if etched in silver, the drifting leaves from a dying maple fluttered in the night breeze—on the right, a line of low hills melted away in the shadows lying toward the sunset. And then, suddenly, a figure appeared above me on the embankment—the figure of a woman!

For a second I covered my face and felt myself shaken oddly by the pangs of a deadly sickness. Mollie had evidently either grown uneasy or been sent to summon us back to the house. Now, as she stood there against the shadowy background of the dark sky blossoming thickly with stars, the faded hues of her fluttering frock melting into the vague shadows—her commonplace face grown tragic—I saw the full horror of poor Jocelyn's dream—a dream come true!

Perhaps the woman tried for the second time, even as I had tried, to cry out—and failed. And then, in the face of the horror which she was powerless to avert, she turned her head aside and raised her shaking hands to thrust from her the sight which she dared not face. And thus Jocelyn, lifting her eyes from the roses in her hands, saw the Shadow which had haunted her from her motherless childhood—for the last time.

* * * * * * * *

I recognized Betty's tearful voice even before I opened my eyes. "Yes, a trained nurse," she was saying plaintively. "It is very fortunate that no one else was hurt, for with Jocelyn delirious and Colonel Edgely injured no one knows how desperately—"

"I am all right," I said, trying to raise my head from the pillow. "Never mind about me, Betty. Jocelyn—"

"Jocelyn is quite delirious now, and is saying all sorts of mad things," said Mrs. McGregor complainingly. "Poor child, I am sure that her illness explains everything. The engineer says that she paid no more attention to his signals than if she had been deaf."

"You haven't told me how the child was saved," I said hurriedly. "I could not help her—nor could Mollie. We were both too late. I saw that, and we could not make her hear."

"The train was ditched—not ten feet from where she stood. I thought you knew that. A rail spread, or something like that happened," said Betty vaguely. "Nobody was hurt in the least—not even Jocelyn. Dr. Ross says—"

I sighed blissfully. "The child will want Arthur," I said decidedly. "Telegraph the last at once, Betty. And keep Mollie away from Jocelyn as much as possible. What does the doctor say about the child's condition? She is not in any danger?"

"She is not in any danger—so he says. He thinks that her condition is serious, but not dangerous."

I drew a long breath of relief at the news. I am seventy odd years old, however, and with Jocelyn quite safe nothing else seemed to matter very much. I turned my back on Betty McGregor cavalierly enough and closed my eyes.

"FORGET-ME-NOT"

NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE

MARJORIE WETHERELL was twenty-eight; that is, according to a statement made by the family Bible. Those who knew her best would have told you that, but for facts and figures, Marjorie could not have been more than twenty-three or four.

She and the Colonel had been taking tea together in the rose-garden. Colonel Wetherell was a stout, imperturbable gentleman whose age was belied by a certain youthful expression of good-nature and ingenuousness that gathered him friends from every quarter. He was looking at his daughter complacently. As though at last having decided how best to broach the subject uppermost in his mind, he said: "We've been mighty comfortable here, all to ourselves for a dozen years, Marjorie, haven't we?" He fanned himself vigorously for a moment with his straw hat, watching her with earnest, tentative eyes.

Silence locked the girl's lips during the indeterminate minute that followed. As well as the Colonel himself, she knew that the words he spoke were premonitory. The color deepened in her cheeks; when she looked up, a little half-challenge brightened the dreamy blue eyes. "What of it, father?" she questioned, smiling, doing her best to keep her tone unruffled. She made a cup for her chin out of the soft palms of her hands, and leaned across the table with her now placid gaze lifted to his searching one.

"Kennedy was around to see me this morning," he replied indirectly, pushing back his chair, "he—he's a fine boy."

"Harry?" The girl's delicate black brows went up almost imperceptibly; a partly-amused, partly-troubled expression played over her face for an instant. "He's a splendid fellow," she said thoughtfully, "and I like him immensely. He isn't very learned or very clever, but he's *nice*—he never bores me."

That settled it in the Colonel's eyes then and there. He "never bored her"! Could anything have been more to the point, more tactfully expressed? His frank, kindly face grew fairly radiant. "Good!" he exclaimed, "then we need never be separated, girlie, you and I. Not that I intend to burden your young lives with my stupid old carcass, but Harry's decided to come back to the country and run the old farm. It joins ours, you know. And the doctors in town say the change will make a difference of two-thirds in his life."

Marjorie was regarding him with an oddly direct, yet softened, gaze. The pretty apple-blossom pink had faded a little in her cheeks, but the challenge was gone from her eyes. "Father!" she exclaimed, "surely you cannot mean it?"

"Mean it! Of course I do. Didn't the boy ask me for you this very morning?"

Marjorie looked away quickly. The Colonel's self-centredness was that of a contented child. Life with him had been natural, open—direct; not the morbid cherishing of secret motives or ambitions. He had watched, with keen pleasure, the growing intimacy between his girl and Harry Kennedy, and his dream was to be realized at last. There was no mistaking the meaning of Marjorie's sudden disconcertion.

"Didn't you know?" he queried, happily.

Marjorie had to laugh. It was all so absurd. Didn't she know, indeed, that Harry wanted her for his wife when he had spent nine-tenths of the past ten years telling her so!

Something in his daughter's candid merriment over the question he asked caused the Colonel an unaccountable pang of uneasiness. "It's all settled, then, I presume?" he queried nervously.

"Why—why, yes, it is," she answered, toying meditatively with her tea-spoon, "that we are to be—good friends."

The Colonel's face fell; for an instant he looked seriously disturbed. He had been so sure! "And does this beating about the bush mean—"

"Yes, father," she interrupted quickly, "it means just that. I admire Harry very, very much. I *do* like him; but I can never be his wife."

"Not—not when he loves you so?" the Colonel pleaded, with a deep sigh, making no effort to conceal his disappointment.

A quick rush of tears dimmed the girl's eyes for a second. But she said very gently, though very firmly, "I could not do him that injustice, father."

A brief silence held them. And in the vanishing splendor of the sunset sky, in the musical lapping of the waves upon the beach below, in the mellow sighing of the wind through the bay leaves, the Colonel saw suddenly a pale, delicate face, full of the fragrant suggestion of culture, but unyielding in its determination to crush down all obstacles to their love—that was Marjorie's mother, the woman who had faced poverty and hardship with him; and *that* was—love. Without a word he reached across the table and laid his big, brown palm over his daughter's trembling hand.

"I'm sorry," he said, and there was a break in his voice, "I'm disappointed—but I understand."

Marjorie sank back in her chair, and the tears that were in her eyes dripped down her cheeks. Her lips quivered as she said: "There isn't anything that comes ahead of your happiness with me, father. But you could never be happy, knowing that I was not. And—and there is someone else; you've guessed it."

"Not until now." A lump rose in the Colonel's throat. "You don't mind telling your old daddy who—" He paused, and a second time reached across the table and folded the girl's cold fingers in his warm clasp.

"We'll never be separated, daddy," she said, a rich note of feeling coming into her voice, "I have been happy, happy with you—and there's no one can take your place. That other love has kept my heart warm and my life glad; but marriage passed me by long ago. He is—dead."

The Colonel had risen, and he went around to the back of her chair and patted the girl's shoulder soothingly. "Don't," he said, "I know—if it hurts you like this—"

The sharp clanging of the village bell cut across his words. Marjorie caught the Colonel's hands in hers and bent her trembling lips upon them. "Don't trouble about me, daddy. Your's is the biggest, best heart that ever beat. You've made *home* for me, and we are going to spend many, many grand years together yet!" The brightness had come back to her eyes, the roses to her cheeks. She stood up bravely and smiled into the old man's shadowed eyes. Then, with a swift kiss upon his lips, she passed out beneath the stately bays, heavy with summer bloom, and went down the path toward the house.

The Colonel stood where she had left him for a long time. When the maid came to remove the tea things, he came to himself and sat down. After a while, he pulled out his pipe and lighted it; he puffed placidly for a few moments, and presently the old benevolent look came back to his face, and the serenity to his eyes. He felt in his pocket and drew forth the paper. Then he adjusted his nose-glasses carefully, and opened it.

An hour passed. Suddenly, a firm footstep severed the stillness; a shadow fell across the page he was reading. The Colonel looked up, surprise chasing the preoccupation from his face.

The stranger held out a sun-browned hand.

"Colonel Wetherell!" he exclaimed.

"W—what! Not—not—little Billy?"

"The same—with a difference of twelve years."

The Colonel grasped the outstretched hand and wrung it heartily; a smile of pure delight irradiated his philanthropic old face. He could not keep his eyes off the other's hand some, clean-cut features.

"And all this while, you've been—"

"Carving out my destiny—or, rather, beating it out. Struggling, failing; struggling—failing again; still struggling, and succeeding at last." He tossed his dingy panama on the table and sat down in the chair where Marjorie had recently been.

The Colonel kept looking at him, and wondering. Suddenly he said, in a hushed tone "And all your folks, Billy—you came home to find them—gone."

"All gone, yes." The brightness died momentarily from the young man's face, but he controlled himself quickly and went on, "It was a hard pull. Those first years, I lived like a dog—and held on like a terrapin. Every time I got a little start, I lost it—sometimes through sickness, sometimes through a fool passion for gambling. I wanted money, and I wanted it quick. But after a while I learned that it wouldn't come that way—or, what's more to the point, it wouldn't *stay*. At last five years ago, I got the gold-fever and came back to Alaska. I've been 'digging' ever since seeing men daily suicide and starve and murder. But I never turned loose till I'd done what I started out to do."

The Colonel's rugged face beamed. "And so," he said, "you've come home a rich man Billy—little Billy." His tone lingered musingly on the last words.

"Not rich, Colonel, but *something*—somebody! I should have been never anything but a plodder had I stayed here. Besides, the governor was losing ground every day; he could not afford to keep me. I had to strike out for myself, and, thank God, I've made good. But tell me something of your people; they, too—"

The Colonel shook his head sadly. "Yes," he sighed, "all but my little girl. You remember Marjorie?"

"*Remember* her!"

"She's a woman now, Billy—a grand, sweet woman," he continued dreamily, "she's made sunshine for me all these years; she's made life worth living, if you know just what that means to a man."

"Yes, I know—I know." The words were spoken so low that the Colonel did not even hear, and he went on:

"You'll see her soon, Billy; and then you'll understand."

"She—she is not married, then?"

The other's face clouded suddenly. "She never will be," he said.

Some of the fire died out of the young man's eyes. There was nothing he could think of to say; but he was very pale.

The Colonel laid down his pipe and crossed his knees.

Then the other spoke suddenly, from the unbearable suspense that held him. "It was —because of her—that I came back, Colonel Wetherell."

The Colonel looked up quickly, his goodly face full of dumb regret. He shook his head slowly. After a minute, he found his voice:

"It isn't any use, Billy, my boy. She told me less than two hours ago, on this very spot, that marriage had passed her by. Her heart is in her lover's grave. But instead of embittering, this love has sweetened, ennobled her —even in its unfulfilment. She will never be anything but bright and beautiful and true; but she will be Marjorie Wetherell all the days of her life." The Colonel seemed speaking more to himself than to the pale, eager man, who listened breathlessly to every syllable that dropped from his lips. A brief half hour ago, he was full of happiness too great to endure; now, the thought of the girl shot through his heart like a knife. He was conscious suddenly of a tingling rush of pain and self-pity all through him.

The Colonel, when he had finished talking, looked sadly into the younger man's suddenly broken face. "It hurts here, too, my boy." His hand crept to his bosom.

A silence fell between them. It was broken abruptly by the clear notes of a girlish voice, thrilling the refrain of an old love-song. She was coming down the garden-path, bareheaded, with a great armful of butter-colored roses hugged to her breast.

Both men looked up; the older one with the smile he always had for his girl, the younger with quivering tensity in every lineament.

She came nearer, nearer. In a second, she was upon them. She paused; the roses fell to the ground in a golden shower. The stranger rose; their eyes met and locked. For a minute she scarcely breathed, trembling suddenly from head to foot. He went toward her slowly, her name falling from his lips in a dry whisper.

"Marjorie!"

A little cry escaped her. "You did not come —you did not write; I thought—"

"I wanted to make myself worthy of you— before. That is the reason." He said simply.

"I thought that you—were—dead," she finished dazedly, brushing an involuntary hand across her eyes.

"And if I had been?" He looked hard into her face, his breath coming and going in a little jerky fashion.

"I should still have been true—always," she whispered. She gave him her hand. He looked a second at the battered little ring that encircled her finger.

"Forget-me-not!" he murmured, with a swift heart-beat. His eyes flashed into hers. And seeing there, in truth, the divine revelation, his arms closed round her.

The Largess

Ralph M. Thomson

Tomorrow may not come—
As silent as a sphinx, the years to be
Have never yet told man his destiny;—
The future's lips are dumb.

Why mourn a breathless vow?
The ages gone, forgotten by the womb
That forced their birth, lie still in Time's dark tomb;—
The past is pulseless now.

'Tis ours to freely give,
With souls athrill, yet all of love we know,
And make this earth a paradise below;—
Today, dear heart, we live!

Second Thoughts of a Minute Philosopher

WILLIAM J. BURTSCHER

In times of a meat boycott some people avoid the very appearance of a butcher shop.

—

Some folks will hide their lights under a bushel as long as the bushels last.

—

There is such a thing as a fair deal, a square deal, a rare deal, and a snare deal.

—

Proverbs contain the longest possible thoughts in the least possible words.

—

Big men get audiences by advertising themselves, but little men must have a subject.

—

Carnegie helps literature by building a library; the ordinary man by buying a book.

—

Self-made men are not interested in others who are in process of becoming self-made men.

—

Some men would be happy if the Gospel truth were a lie, and the lies they have told the truth.

—

The devil gives every man half a chance to do wrong, but does not compel him to take the other half.

—

Some people still toil for the purpose of keeping body and soul together, but most of us do it to keep body and hunger apart.

—

Even window shutters are united on a plan of another half, and their usefulness in time of storm depends upon each keeping shut.

—

When an orator declares that he is unable to find words to properly express himself he evidently refers to his own vocabulary. Why doesn't he look in the dictionary?

—

If Shakespeare had lived in close proximity to a graphophone with a bad record he never could have written that the man who loves not music is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.

—

A negro preacher paraphrasing the proverb, a word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in a picture of silver, said, "A deed fitly perfohmed am like a ripe watermelon on a chunk of ice."

To the editor about to send the check a little more than a month seems a little less than a day, but to the author who is waiting for the check a little less than a day seems a little more than a month.

—

Men used to wake up some morning and find themselves famous. These days fame comes to men in the afternoon, and they lie awake all night fearing that the world will wake up the next morning and not notice it.

What! Rising Again?

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

BIBLE MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT

MRS. C. E. KERR

A Comparison of Apostolic and Present-Day Methods in Mission Work

GOD never gave to man a task or duty to perform that He did not give them detailed directions for its performance, *and holds them accountable* for the performance of it *strictly in accordance with those directions.*

When He sent Moses into Egypt to bring the Israelites out of bondage into a land of freedom, He gave him directions, step by step, and it was only by following those directions that the hardened king was overcome and the people rescued.

When the Tabernacle was to be set up in the wilderness, God gave Moses explicit directions for every detail of the work, even telling him how many tacks to use and where to put them, and if one single tack had been left out of its place or another added to the number the work would have been incomplete, and not "as the Lord commanded Moses." Which was the keynote of the whole system of Jewish history so far as they followed the Lord thrugh their Heaven appointed leader, Moses, and they foreshadowed what God wants in His people in the New Testament dispensation.

When the people thirsted in the wilderness and complainingly clamored for water, God told Moses to bring water from a rock for them, and told him *how* to do it. Num. 20: 8. But Moses did not this time do "as the Lord commanded Moses," but instead of *speaking* to the rock he smote it. (Num. 20 11.) The end was accomplished, God sent the water "abundantly," and the people were satisfied. Then did not the plan which Moses substituted for God's plan *succeed?* (Read Num. 20: 12.) We see that because of Moses' disobedience he was not allowed to enter into Caanan. Let us take care how we substitute other methods of work for those God has given us in His revealed Word. He has given us one, and only one, plan by which man may be saved from sin and eternal death, and that is by believing in Jesus Christ His Son. Beautiful theories have been built, and men and women have done many truly beautiful acts of kindness and service to their fellow men, with the delusion hugged to their bosoms that they were winning a merited place in the life to come, but such a life is "A way that seemeth right unto man, but the end thereof is death." God's way is. "He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved, he that believeth not shall be damned." Mark 16: 16. God gave us one method of baptism, and His Holy Son submitted to it as a pattern for us. Let us remember Moses' experience in substituting another method for God's.

When Jesus had finished His plan of redemption He returned to His place on the right hand of His Father, and left the churches to tell the story of that complete and only way of salvation to "All the world," at home and abroad, and gave inspired examples of how it should be done. But man has sought out "many inventions." We have seen how complete the New Testament instructions are for the conduct of this work in former articles; we will now take up these instructions and see what a departure present-day methods are from them.

1st. Jesus committed His church ordinances and the command to preach the Gospel to all the world to His churches. Today we find "organized," incorporated bodies outside His churches purposing to "elicit, combine and direct" the mission work of the churches.

2d. Then the churches set apart those whom God called to the work. Acts 13: 1 to 4. Today if a man feels called of God to go to the regions beyond and preach this Gospel of Salvation, it is not enough that a church shall set him apart "to the work whereunto the Holy Spirit has called him," as was the case in the Antioch church, which set apart Paul and Barnabas. (Acts 13: 1-4.) The man must then go before the Board and pass an examination to see if the Holy Spirit has made any mistake in His call. Sometimes they are "turned down by the Board." If, however, the Board decides the Holy Spirit has made a very good selection the call is allowed to stand, and he is employed at a salary set by the Board; provided, he is willing to put himself under control of the board.

3d. These churches and individuals contributed directly to the missionaries. 2 Cor. 11: 8-9, 2 Tim. 1: 16. Today we find that these Boards, which assume to "elicit, combine and direct all the energies of all the churches," plan all the work and *direct* the churches to send them the money to pay their secretaries' exorbitant salaries and foot the bills of a work which the churches know little about and had no voice in planning.

4th. Then, the missionaries reported and receipted directly to the churches. Phil. 4: 15, Acts 13: 25 to 27. Today the Boards become the paymasters of the missionaries, the labor-

ers are denied the blessedness of knowing, as Paul did, who ministered to his needs, and the churches do not know who receives their bounty, and thus a blessed, God-given privilege is taken from both churches and missionaries. All receipts and reports are sent to the Boards. The missionaries are required to submit to these Boards a report of their work and time, and if any one on their fields of labor feels led to minister to their necessities, as did Paul's co-laborers, the missionary must report it to the Boards and let it be included in his salary. (Which is often less than one-tenth or one-twentieth of the Board's Secretary's salary.)

5th. Then, the Holy Spirit guided and located the missionaries on tne field. Acts 16: 6-7, Acts 10.

Today, after the Board has decided to accept the missionary, he must sign a contract with the Board, agreeing that it shall appoint him to a field of labor, and agree not to leave that field or move to another without the Board's permission. Thus directly violating Matthew 20: 25-26. "But Jesus called them unto Him and said, ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. *But it shall not be so among you.*" So it will be seen that the present day Boards assume the right not only to pass upon the fitness of the men the Holy Spirit calls to His work, but also to displace Him in locating His laborers in His vineyard. Hence we hear of "The great work of the Boards," and "The fields of this and that Board," and "The missionaries of the Board," and only "the *debt* of the churches," which these Boards contract and lay upon them. Even the "Missionary Studies" which these Boards prepare for the churches ignore the studies of our inspired examples of missionary work under the leadership of the Holy Spirit, and provide (out of mission funds) an elaborate "Study of the Board's various fields."

6th. Then the missionaries trusted God to supply all their needs. Phil. 4: 19, Matt. 28: 20. Today, the missionaries look to the great incorporated business bodies—who are doing business on a very uncertain borrowed money basis. And may, without a word of warning, be "dropped" any day, without redress or being allowed to "answer for himself."

7th. Then, the missionaries went forth to carry out the command to preach the Gospel and to teach the converts to observe all the Lord's commands. Matt. 28: 19-20. Today, the Boards "direct" that this command is too narrow, and we find their missionaries teaching in literary schools, acting as trained nurses, doctors, dentists, etc., and sharing equally with the evangelist in the "debt" that is being laid on the churches. We recently read an item in a religious paper which told of how, in Japan, little three-year-old children were seen with little four to six weeks old babies strapped to their backs, and as they made mud pies or romped and played the sun streamed into the infant eyes as their little heads bobbed about. Now who knows but that in this little incident will be found a new need and field for missionary effort, and streams of girls be wanted for nurses for the little Japanese babies? It is quite as great a need as some others that are being supplied out of the money collected from earnest Christians, men and women, who give of their means, often of their penury, to "send the Gospel to the heathen."

O, that the Christian world would go back to the inspired Book for direction in every phase of Christian effort. The entrance of His Word giveth light on every condition of life and on every problem that the Christian will have to solve. When we begin to trust to anything else than God's guiding hand and power to help we are drifting away from the Christian's sure and steadfast anchor, and reach such conclusions as this, "It is only by thorough organization and the best leadership that we can take this world for Christ." (May issue of Foreign Mission Journal, page 325.) In this day of organization, we are in danger of materializing and commercializing the Lord's work, hence we frequently hear it said, "Give us the men and the means and we will take the world for Christ in this generation." God never has, and never will carry out His work on a "common sense money basis." "Not by might, not by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." He has ever reserved for Himself the "direction" of His work, though accomplished through men, and the means He has committed to them. No Board or body of men can "elicit, combine and *direct*" the work without usurping His prerogatives. Even Moses was not authorized to conduct the leading of His people without a "thus saith the Lord" for every step he took, and even "our wisest and best men" are no wiser or better than he.

COMMON SCHOOL EDUCATION SUFFICIENT FOR LAW STUDENT.

DEAR SIR:—Do you think it advisable for a Southern young man, who expects to practice law in the South, to attend a Northern university?

Who is Zach McGhee? Can the "Dark Corner" be procured in book form? If so, where?

Answers to the above questions will be appreciated. Most respectfully,

Herod, Ga. W. S. COLLINS.

ANSWER.

(1) I do not. Such a course will be a mere waste of time. To become a successful lawyer, nothing more is necessary in the way of education than a course through the lower schools up through the high school. Some of the best practitioners did not even have a high school training.

(2) Zach McGhee is the real name of the author of "The Dark Corner", and he lives in Washington, D. C. His book can be procured in book form through any dealer, or by writing to him direct. T. E. W.

SOME INTERESTING QUESTIONS RELATING TO MONEY.

1. Is a promise to pay a dollar worth as much as a dollar? Explain.

2. What per cent. of a nation's wealth should be moneytized? In other words, what per cent. would be a safe limit?

3. Explain the cause and effect of the demonetization of silver in 1873.

4. What Trust is greater and more powerful than the Money Trust?

5. What are the different denominations of United States bonds?

6. Explain the difference between a bond and a note.

Your answer will be appreciated.

Yours truly, IRA V. MAXWELL.

White, Ga.

ANSWER.

(1) It is if there is a law behind it saying, practically, that the promise to pay a dollar shall answer the same purpose as the dollar. What does the world want with money? For what purpose is it called into existence? Nature nowhere creates it: man has to do that, either by custom or by law. Among savages and barbarians, it is custom which prescribes that which is put into use as medium of exchange. At the present time, there are uncivilized people who use commodities as money. Among the people of the Santa Cruz Islands, a certain kind of feathers, attached to coils of bark, circulates as legal tender, and, therefore, constitutes their money.

Suppose that a certain amount of silver or gold is put into a certain flat shape at our mints and is stamped, "This is One Dollar", and suppose that at another place the government clips linen, or cotton paper into a certain size and prints upon it, "On demand, the United States promises to pay to the bearer One Dollar"; and suppose that a law is passed which declares that whenever you or I offer to our creditor that paper promising to pay, he shall accept it in full satisfaction of our debt, or that the debt shall cease to exist; can't you see at once that the simple promise answers every purpose of the silver or gold dollar? In other words, if the law makes the paper promise a legal means of cancelling debts, it does everything that coin can do.

In my opinion, however, I think the government, instead of printing promises to pay, ought simply to create dollars out of paper or linen, just as it does out of silver or gold. The Supreme Court of the United States, the highest Court in England, and the highest Courts of Europe, together with the greatest of statesmen that have ever lived, all unite in the opinion, *that it is a sovereign function of government to decide what material shall be used as money.* Consequently, if the sovereign power selects linen, or aluminum, or tin, or iron, the money so created would be every bit as good for the purposes intended as silver or gold.

(2) There is no arbitrary rule by which one can decide what percentage of a nation's wealth should be monetized. The volume of currency should bear some proportion to the population, and to the amount of business. Mr. Jefferson theorized about this subject often and profoundly. It was his opinion that the government should see to it that the volume of currency bore its proper ratio to population

and commerce. In his opinion, $50. per capita was about right.

(3) The cause of the demonitization of silver in 1873 was that European bankers desired to tighten their control on the volume of money of final payment. They dreaded the increased output of the silver mines, and they reached the conclusion that gold would always be the scarcer metal. Consequently, as the first step in their march towards a money monopoly, they struck down the competitor, silver. That this was the true cause is clearly proved by the fact that the same financiers are now becoming alarmed at the increase of the output of the gold mines, and the same financial periodicals which once decried silver are feeling their way towards a denunciation of gold. They openly attribute the advance in the cost of living, not to its true cause—the new tariff law—but to the growing volume of gold, which, as you know, has undergone no sudden increase within the last few months.

The effect of the demonitization of silver was a fall in prices and an increased difficulty in meeting debts and fixed charges. In other words, *when the tax-payer and debtor went into the market to buy money of final payment, he had to give more of his labor or his product in order to get it.*

(4) None. The money trust is the King of Kings. Whoever controls the available supply of the coin of final payment is master of the world. He can farm the farmer, exploit the merchant, rob the miner, take toll out of the manufacturer's profits, depress or elevate prices, send disastrous panics to devastate the country, exhilerate or blight commerce, stimulate or discourage production, strengthen or debilitate enterprise, plunder peoples and shackle monarchs.

(5) The following is a list of United States Bonds now in existence:

	Government.		
I.	U. S. Loan of 1925.....*at par*	4	$118,489,000
	U. S. Loan of 1908-18.....do..	3	63,945,460
	U. S. Consol of 1930.....do..	2	616,250,150
	U. S. Panama of 1936.....do..	2	54,631.980
	U. S. Panama of 1938.....do..	2	30,000,000
II.	Phillippine Loans.....do..	4	16,000,000
	Porto Rico Loans.....do..	4	3,900,000
	District of Columbia.....do..	3.65	9,494,800
	Territory of Hawaii, *at 90 per cent. of par*.....	Various.	4,129,000

(6) In principle, there is no difference. A note is one written evidence of a debt, and a bond is another. Notes usually run for small amounts, and for brief periods: bonds usually run for large amounts and for long periods. That is about the only difference.

When a government issues Treasury notes, they ordinarily bear no interest: when it issues bonds, they always bear interest. Consequently, the financiers are bitterly opposed to a governmental issue of notes. But the greatest reason why the bankers object to the government's issuing its own notes as it needs more money is that such notes would interfere with the monopoly now enjoyed by the notes of the bankers. There are at present (May 2, 1910) $713,461,586. of national bank notes now outstanding, earning enormous sums for those who put them in circulation. The government has outstanding only $346,681,016. of its own notes, usually called greenbacks. These cost nobody any interest, and the bankers hate them bitterly. They would be destroyed if the government did not already have on its hands more trouble than it knows what to do with. If it were to begin to burn up those greenbacks, as it destroyed all the others soon after the soldiers of the Civil War had stacked their muskets, there would be a bloody revolution which would overturn the sordid plutocracy which now governs us, and which would re-establish the democracy of our forefathers. In addition to the large sum of greenbacks which were issued during the war, the government has outstanding treasury notes of 1890 to the amount of $3,800,000. T. E. W.

INQUIRIES FOR RELIABLE HISTORIES.

Dear Sir:—Will you please answer the following through the Educational Department of Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine?

1. Name a good history of the State of Texas.

2. Name a good history of the State of New York.

3. What is the most impartial biography of Alexander Hamilton, Stephen A. Douglas, Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, and Jefferson Davis?

Thanking you in advance for answering the above, I am

Yours respectfully, "Student."

Mobile, Ala.

ANSWER.

(1) A satisfactory history of Texas is the one written by George P. Garrison.

(2) The American Commonwealth Series contains a volume on New York written by Horace E. Scudder, which would probably meet your needs.

(3) Lodge's "Life of Alexander Hamilton" is, perhaps, the most impartial and satisfactory. Ida Tarbell's "Life of Abraham Lincoln" is, perhaps, as good as any of the recent biographies, though, of course, the most life-like was written by his law partner, Herndon. However, that was considerably mutilated, and the original edition, containing much personal information and recollections, was suppressed. Frank H. Alfriend's "Life of Jeffer-

son Davis" is considered very satisfactory. I have in my library two volumes bearing the title of "The Life and Speeches of Andrew Johnson", one written by Frank Moore and one by Mrs. Lillian Foster. I have never read either of these books, and so could not say which one is the better. A good "Life" of Stephen A. Douglas is the one written by J. W. Sheahan, though I understand that a more recent biography of him has been written, and if you will write to The Union Library Association, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City, you can ascertain the author and the price.

I am exceedingly glad that you did not add to your questions one requesting me to name the price of these books, and where you can get them. Such questions should always be addressed to book dealers, because of the fact that the prices vary according to the style of binding, quality of paper, size of book, etc. It is simply impossible for an editor to keep up with the book-market, however great may be his desire to aid his friends and his subscribers. T. E. W.

ISAAC WATTS LEFT NO LINEAL DECENDANTS.

DEAR SIR:—To settle a controversy, we have agreed to leave the following question to a historian, and we have chosen you as our historian.

This is the question: Did Isaac Watts, the celebrated hymn writer, ever marry, or did he die a bachelor?

A family who settled in Kentucky in, I believe, 1788 (before Kentucky was admitted into the United States), claimed lineal descent from Isaac Watts. Now, at this time, 1910, some claim that Watts had no descendants. This famiy's name was Gaines, who lived near Shelbyville, Ky. Will appreciate it if you can give us some information about this history. Very respectfully, L. F. B.

Ocala, Fla.

ANSWER.

Isaac Watts became disabled and practically an invalid before reaching the age of thirty. After this, he was domiciled in the house of a friend, where he lived for thirty-six years. He was never married, and left no descendants.

T. E. W.

"HOW MAY A STATE RECEIVE RETURN FOR MONEY SPENT ON EDUCATION?"

Under this title, James H. Dooley publishes a pamphlet which every citizen and tax-payer could read to his advantage. He refers to the danger to our future growing out of the tendency to give everybody a literary and scientific education.

Says he, in reference to the public schools maintained by public taxation:

"A State has no constitutional right to take the property or the money of A to benefit B or the children of B. The sole ground upon which taxes can be levied upon the property of A to educate the children of B is that it will benefit the State by making the children more valuable citizens. That being the law, the most important question for the State to consider and determine is, what sort of education will make them the most valuable citizens. Above all, in the Southern States, where we are overshadowed by the dark cloud of an ignorant, thriftless race, who constitute the bulk of our laboring population, the question, what sort of education will most enhance their value as citizens, surpasses, in my judgment, all others in importance."

Now, this is mighty sound gospel, so far as I can see.

Mr. Dooley goes on to show how important it is that somebody should be taught how to farm. On page 4, he demonstrates the vast importance of this feature of the case by showing how Dr. Ramsen, of South Carolina, brought twenty-five acres of run-down land in the Piedmont region from a production of one-fourth of a bale of cotton per acre up to a yield of $50 per acre within eight years.

When we remember that practically every cultivated acre of land in the South can be made to produce from four to twelve times as much as it now produces, and when we reflect that we have in our swamps, and other drainable areas, as much good farming land as the entire acreage now under cultivation, we can begin to get a glimpse of what enormous possibilities there are for our future, if our affairs at present are managed with some degree of forethought, wisdom and statesmanship.

Communications

ELDER CAYCE TAKES EXCEPTION TO W. B. SCREWS' ASSERTION.

DEAR MR. WATSON:—In THE JEFFERSONIAN of the 14th I see that W. B. Screws, of Aline, Ga., refers to the Primitive Baptist. Will you please allow me space to call attention to a little inconsistency in one paragraph of his letter? The paragraph reads as follows:

"You spoke of the Primitive Baptist, a paper published at Martin, Pa. (He means Tennessee.—C. H. C.) Do you get the Pilgrim's Banner, of Graymont, Ga., and the Baptist Light, of Savannah? They, and especially the Banner, which is some seventeen years old, will give you a correct idea of the belief of the Primitive Baptists of the South. The Banner is considered the best paper that we have in the South. Of course, I don't mean by this to say anything against the Primitive Baptist, of Martin, Tenn."

Please allow me to say that under ordinary circumstances I would not notice this, but as I know Elder Srews not to be friendly toward the Primitive Baptist or toward me as the editor, I feel to ask you for a little space. Your fairness in the past makes me believe you will grant my request.

It may be true, and I will cheerfully grant, that the Banner may be considered by *some* to be the best paper we have in the South, but is it so considered by a majority of our people? That is the question, and the statement of Elder Screws leaves the impression that it is. Now, if that is true, who can tell why the Primitive Baptist has three or four times as many subscribers as the Banner? I might mention more than one paper in the South that the Primitive Baptists, as a body, consider better than the Banner—and not mention the Primitive Baptist, either.

Yours for truth, C. H. CAYCE.
Martin, Tenn.

THE DARK DAYS FOLLOWING CAMPAIGN OF '63.

MY DEAR SIR:—Regarding a book I mailed you recently, I find it does not contain as much of a detailed account of that memorable campaign of 1863 as I imagined it did when I wrote you, but it contains authentic proof that the Abolitionists of the Western Reserve (in Ohio, an offshooot of New England) were the original disunionists, besides I have a distinct recollection that the flags carried in Republican processions and floated from campaign poles, as was the custom those days, carried only as many stars as there were free States, during the campaign of 1856. While you may not get as many details as you would like, you will be able to draw out the true philosophy of the history of those times, and philosophy of history is what counts. I see the book does not go further than the exile of Mr. Valandingham and his delivery to the Confederate army inside of their lines.

Those were strenuous times, and no mistake. Arbitrary arrests, throwing men into military prisons, holding them without trial, was as common as the sailing and circling of buzzards around a carcass of carrion, but an omen of greater harm. (Such tyranny seems common where military rule prevails, and will again under the Dick law and rule of "Jellyfish" President Taft.) But the arrest and exile of Mr. Valandingham was the last of that as a rule and practice in Ohio. That year was election for Governor, and immediately after Mr. Valandingham's exile a demand went up from Democrats, or the Democratic party, all over the State demanding his nomination as candidate for Governor, which was made, and my recollection is that it was by acclamation, or at most almost unanimous. As I said before, those were strenuous times, and the results of that convention shows what the power of the people is when they are united and cooperate to bring about results sought for.

At that Convention it is said there were more people in the city of Columbus than had ever before been there at one time. They had gone there by wagon loads; had gone for miles, camped out over night on the way and near the city during the convention, and overtaxed the capacity of the railroads to transport the people to the convention.

George E. Pugh was made president of the convention, and in his opening speech declared himself an American citizen exercising the right of free speech, and dared to criticise the action of General Burnsides and his famous Order 38, for the criticism of which Mr. Valandingham was arrested and exiled. He, in a dramatic manner, said he entertained only contempt for the order and dare spit on it and trample it under his feet, and challenged arrest. Mr. Pugh was then United States Senator, but no arrest was made, beside that system was abandoned after that demonstration of the people. The Republicans adopted other tactics—then they began to use modern political methods, securing majorities by immunity and exemption from conscription, blocks of five, direct and indirect boodling, and that kind of usages. Mr. Valandingham was defeated by an overwhelming majority, but received several thousand more votes than had ever been cast in the State for any man who had been elected prior to that time. However, Mr. Valandingham was quite a factor in Ohio politics up to the time of his tragic death. He was the logical candidate and should have been elected United States Senator instead of

Allen G. Thurman in 1867, and would have been but for the fact that he led the fight, along with George H. Pendleton, for the "Ohio idea" to pay the United States bonds with the same kind of money they were bought with. But at an opportune moment August Belmont and that Eastern gang came to the front and sprung Allen G. Thurman, who had made a royal fight for the Governorship and was defeated by only a few thousand votes, and afterwards sacrificed his chances of being nominated by the Democratic party for President by making his famous Hamilton, Ohio, speech against national banks of issue.

The old man did that under pressure of the agitation of the Greenbackers, but when he did it his chances went glimmering. Mr. Valandingham's career was very brilliant and deserves a prominent place in the political history of Ohio and the nation.

A strange coincidence connected with the tyranny and arbitrary arrests during the early period of the war was that those early radical abolitionists were not in the front as leaders of that work, but it fell to the lot and was carried on by the Hamiltonian strong government element of the old Whig and Federalist party, men who from force of circumstances, after the disintegration of the Whig party, joined in with the abolition element and organized the Republican party—while the events of the war afforded them the opportunity to adopt their imperial methods to retain power, which has continued up to this time, while the storm clouds of discontent are gathering thicker and darker than those before the war.

But I believe our civilization has advanced far enough so these things can be adjusted without the necessity of resorting to a forcible revolution, if it cannot God help the plutocracy, and notify them to stand from under. The French Revolution would not be an index or primer lesson as compared with what will follow in this country if the dogs of war are turned loose, and all hell cannot stop it.

Another coincident of that abolition and anti-slavery movement is that almost all of those original abolitionists, after the close of the war and the smoke of reconstruction clearing away, broke away from the Republican party and the most radical became just as enthusiastic Greenbackers, and I joined shoulder to shoulder with them to fight the Hamiltonian Federalist plutocracy—forgiving each other for our differences before and during the war, and joined in a common cause for the emancipation of the industrial classes.

Even Lincoln was breaking faith with the imperialists, for which he was killed, instead of for not keeping faith with Booth for the release of some of his personal friends. That may have been one of the, or the real, motive of Booth, but the object and purpose of the people who were behind Booth, urged him on and protected him afterward, were actuated solely by the motive to remove Lincoln who, no doubt, was democratic at heart or in sentiment and too popular with the common herd for the Hamiltonians to take chances on what they afterward did and the many things they attempted to do, but failed as a result of the about-face of such men as Wendel Phillips, Lyman Trumbal, of Illinois; Senator Doolittle, of Wisconsin, and many others of that time.

For one, I do not believe that John Wilkes Booth was ever captured, as was reported at the time; that whole report was a fraud and a collossal graft and robbery of the United States of twenty-five thousand dollars by a gang of detective grafters. When the truth of that transaction is dug up it will make one of the most interesting chapters in the history of this government. Nobody ever saw Booth's body only the gang that brought it in (or claimed to have done so). The box said to have contained his body was deposited in a basement of the Capitol building, filled with quicklime and, after being left there for a certain length of time, was taken during the night time and sunk in the middle of the Potomac river. "Bosh!"

No arrests, no defense has ever been made against the charges of parties who claim to have seen Booth, or to have known of his whereabouts, besides it was an open secret among the contemporaneous dramatic profession that Booth was not killed as reported at the time. The people were too busy with the assassination of the President and the stirring events of the war at that eventful time, reconstruction, and fighting the schemes of the Hamiltonian imperialists, who were planning to seize the government, which they almost accomplished.

Hood River, Oregon. CHARLIE DAVIDSON.

BOTH SIDES OF AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

DEAR SIR:—Tons of ink for the past few months have been spread on paper denouncing the "increased cost of living." Our city editors and salaried cousins in towns and cities are vociferating much because what the farmer produces is bringing a better price than it has since the close of the War Between the States. The consumer, in general, seems to be on the verge of hysteries because the farmer is getting fifteen cents for his cotton, one dollar for his corn, one dollar and sixty cents for his wheat, eighteen cents for his bacon, ten cents for his beef, thirty cents for his eggs, and twenty-five cents for his butter.

Along about 1895, when the farmer was getting next to nothing for what he produced, he was called a "calamity-howler, Anarchist, Socialist, disturber of the peace," and many other horrid names, because he was somewhat disposed to complain of the "hardness of the times." Now, however, since prices are more reasonable, Mr. Farmer is sitting steady in the boat of moderate prosperity, while direful wails proceed from the mouths of our once derisive neighbors in the towns and cities. Everything was lovely for our salaried friend while one of his dollars would buy twenty-five pounds of the farmer's cotton, twenty pounds of his choicest bacon, twenty pounds of butter,

twenty dozens of eggs, and a whole fat cow or ox. That was a time when the farmer was catching particular h—ll; but nobody seemed to care or sympathize with him. Our government instituted no inquiries into the cause of the farmer's products bringing less than the actual cost of production. Our city friends were clothing themselves with our five-cent cotton and gormandizing over the choicest cuts from the farmer's fat ox at five cents per pound. Then there was nobody to complain but the poor old farmer, and he was stygmatized as a "calamity-howler." I am glad that I have lived to see the day when the farmer has ceased to howl and the other fellow has been taught a lesson that may make him more sympathetic in the future.

For years our city papers and country sheets have teemed with gratuitous advice to the farmer.

Their slogan has been, and still is: "Raise more hog and hominy." Even our merchants can afford to give this advice, for they get but little profits out of heavy groceries, and the little country editor is vitally interested. If there were a superabundance of meat, then the one dollar subscription to his paper would buy a fine, fat ham, while, at present prices, I fear that some of our poor editors have to go without any ham at all.

But we are told that these high prices are helping no one but the trusts. It is true, no doubt, that the trusts are collecting a handsome tribute from both the producer and the consumer. When the trust sells meat for eighteen cents, butter for forty, hens for sixty, eggs for thirty, corn for one dollar, wheat for $1.60, what is to hinder the farmer from selling what he produces for nearly as much? Something more will have to be said yet to convince us farmers that this "calamity-howl" about high prices is raised not so much to down the *trusts*, as it is to down the *farmer*. Whatever is exclusively handled by the trusts is, no doubt, abnormally high; but is it not true that the price of everything is governed by the amount of money in circulation? Should the world's supply of gold increase in the next decade in the same ratio it has in the past, there may be a demand, on the part of those who produce not, for the demonetization of gold.

During the reign of low prices, it was no easy matter for farmers to "make buckle and tongue meet." Now, however, many farmers are getting a few dollars stored away for a rainy day. It is not the farmer who is raising sand about the increased cost of living. It is the gentleman who wears a derby that has become the "calamity-howler."

Carrollton, Ga. JOHN R. SPENCE.

ANSWER.

We publish Mr. Spence's article for the reason that it is our settled policy to let both sides be heard, thus furnishing the people a fair chance to decide right.

Mr. Spence is altogether wrong, for he does not take into consideration all the facts in the case.

Here is the way we should look at the matter: *What proportion do the things which the farmer has to sell bear to the number of things that he must necessarily buy?*

Take the Southern farmer, for instance: how many articles does he carry to market? Usually, you can count on the fingers of one hand the commodities which the farmer has to sell. In the West, he will market grain, hay, cattle, hogs, poultry, butter and eggs. In the South, it is tobacco, cotton, poultry and eggs, mainly. While there may be a few of the farmers who sell pork and wool, melons and fruits, these are so few in proportion to the larger number, that they do not figure largely in the market reports. But even if we should add pork, butter, beef, wool and mutton, we would still have but a very limited list of saleable products going from the farms to the markets of the towns and the cities. On the other hand, consider how numerous are the articles which every farmer must buy. Take the average plantation out in the country and begin to enumerate what must be purchased as necessaries to the operation of the farm and the maintenance of the household. Why, the list is almost endless. Cloth of every kind, from the muslin and calico and homespun that the ladies use, to the bagging which covers the cotton; cordage of several kinds will have to be purchased during the year for well-rope, plow-lines, binding-twine, etc.; etc. Think of the various kinds of iron ware which will have to be purchased, from the shovel and tongs at the fireplace to the nails and screws and wire fences, we go to the trace chains, the plow hoes, weeding hoes, etc.

Then, again, there are plantation implements of all sorts,—mowers, reapers, binders, wagons, carts, wheel-barrows, plow stocks, etc.

Then, again, think what has to be purchased in the way of food for man and beast. Think of the variety of materials that enter into the construction of the dwelling and the outhouses. Think of the articles of furniture that are necessary inside the home. Think of the clothing for man, woman and child!

Why, if you go counting up what it is the farmer must purchase, you will see that he goes to market, *as a purchaser*, twenty times, or more, to where he enters the market *once, as a seller*.

Now, you take this plain, common-sense every-day illustration and apply it to the advance in prices. *On a few things*, the farmer gets more money than he did this time last year, or the year before; but *on a great many things*, he has to pay more than he did this time last year, or the year before. Consequently, the net result spells, *disaster*, to the farmer.

It seems to me the facts are about as plain as the average nose on the average man's face.

T. E. W.

EARTH SONGS. A Book of Poems. By Mary Chapin Smith. Richard G. Badger, Boston, Massachusetts, publisher.

As the readers of the JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE well know, we have the highest opinion of the work of Mrs. Mary Chapin Smith. Her poetry is as pure and as tender as any that the English language contains. Much of it is as fine in its quality as any of the minor poems of Sidney Lanier, Amelia Welby, Paul H. Hayne or Henry Timrod.

The best way to do justice to this dainty volume is to give our readers some samples of its contents. This we will do, choosing such poems as have not appeared in the JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE.

LIFE AND LOVE.

(From "Earth Songs," by Mary Chapin Smith)

The springs of Life and Love lie deep,
They have one source; together shall those
waters ever rise,
Together flow; for Love is Life and Life is
Love,
The love of woman or of man,
The love of God or love of child or love of
race;
The love of good, or even love of ill,
Which often is the love of good but gone
astray;
The love of birds and beasts, of the fresh
earth
So old from everlasting, yet so young
With swift heart-beatings of eternal youth;
Or love of home and place, of sky and sea;
Or love of toil, the toil of body or of brain,—
Or love of children of that toil,
The dear results of labor, pain-begotten,
Or shadow-children of the brain and heart;
Or love of visions always flitting on
Beyond our grasp, and after which we ever run
and pant
With aching arms outreached to clasp them
close,
That ever us elude:
These our heart's Loves are but our Life;
Life without Love is Life-in-Death.
Love without Life,—that cannot be, for Love is
part of Life,
Love intermixed and unresolvent, thrilling,
pulsing with the blood,
Love breathing with the breath, unconquerable,
Love all-enfolding, interpenetrating, informing
the living spirit of all things,
Here, heretofore, and ever after
Through eons yet to come.

AN OLD GARDEN.

Thou old-time garden spot, from what fair
land
Of memories dim dost thou come back to haunt
My soul with visions of thy peaceful ghosts
And all thy dear enchantments long since past?
Before me rise in faint, recurring shapes
The mysteries of thy labyrinthine paths,
Thy beds of round and crescent moons, box-
edged,
And sweet with scent of other days and years;
With masses of cool hyacinths within,
Blue violets that play at hide-and-seek,
And lily-of-the-valley's hanging bells;
Forget-me-nots that dream of love and truth
Near jeweled musk that breathes of Araby the
blest,
And crimson-spotted lilies brought from far
Japan.
Snapdragon old and crown imperial
Were there, with monkshood grave and aster
gay,
Soft foxglove and the wholesome marigold,
And polyanthus meek though velvet-gowned;
While close beneath the thickset, sheltering
hedge
Of arbor-vitae green, crepe myrtle banks
And southernwood, lads love of men and maids.
Fair borders stretched their fragrant lengths
along
Where mignonette and pale moss rose did
grow,
With columbine, the honey-spurred, and balm
Beloved of wandering bees, and hollyhock
In silken dress; these were the old-time blooms
Whose ever swiftly changing colors made
The long and bright procession of the year:
And often midst these flowers, like butterflies,
Were many children of the village, free
To breathe fresh odors to their hearts' delight,
And hold their little hands out to be filled
All full and running over with these sweets.
Beyond were orchards, heavy with their fruit,
And grassy meadows sloping to the streams
That ran, twin threads of silver, through the
green,
And every morning offered up their praise
In mists that rose to heaven;

While in the heart
Of this new budding growth, this throbbing life,
The owner of these purest summer joys,
That white haired man of will inflexible
And sad religion of most austere mold,
Blossomed with love of flowers and tender youth
As you have seen some dark gray granite cliff
All fringed with drooping ferns and starry sprays of white.

BELOVED GHOSTS.

Dear, silent ghosts of sounds that come no more,
The dying footfalls on the echoing floor,
Dear, shadowy people ever gliding through
Deserted halls and fading from our view;
They wander in and out, finger on lip,
Dim forms inscrutable, that cannot slip
One little word, only a longing gaze,
For all remembrance of earth's tender ways
They dwelt among, those other happy years;
A tremulous sigh, thin gleam of pearly tears,
Light sorrow mid their joy that past all reach
Are human love, soft tones of human speech:
Then on through distance gray, through wavering wall,
They fade, like olden song with dying fall.

Fair, spacious chambers stand in loneliness,
Where sweet bells faintly tolled lure from duresse
Those evanescent shades of filmy air
That crowd in weaving, shimmering throngs, most rare
Presentment of the forms held safe apart
Within the close-shut petals of the heart,
—Like honey-bee in center of a rose,
Well guarded from each wanton wind that blows,—
Where we may keep the holiest and the best,
Those who have ceased from toil and found their rest:
Yet still they strive with tender, wistful arms,
And longing look and quivering alarms,
To reach us, fold us in beloved embrace,
As we fold them and find but hollow space.

Far sounds of ancient harp, and, long-time mute,
The voice of spinet and of silver flute,
The song of maiden slumbering by the stream
Whose gentlest flow may not disturb her dream,
The sacred lullaby from mother-heart
Of heaven-born Child in manger laid apart,
Fragments of prayer first said at mother's knee,
The little dreams, falling from dreamland-tree,
These, lightly floating, trembling through the air,
Without, within, beyond and everywhere,
Are lost in night and fading forms so dear;—
Only frail cobwebs, empty doorways here,
Cold, watery shafts of moonlight through the panes,
Dear footfalls vanishing like springtime rains.

THE SLAVERY OF PROGRESS: ITS CAUSES AND ITS CURE. *By A. F. Thomas. Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington.* (Price $1.50.)

The approach of great changes in political affairs has always been preceded by a prodigious increase in the output of pamphlets, hand-bills, and other literature of discontent. That symptom is now very marked in the United States. The presses are fairly groaning with the issuance of the propagandist newspapers, circular letters, pamphlets and economic treatises.

Mr Thomas has given careful study to our economic conditions. His first chapter gives his line of thought, "How Trusts are Built". He next takes up, "Protection Hastens the Growth of Trusts". He points out that the present system lacks ethical foundation. Of course it does. *It reeks with immorality, injustice and legalized crime. It is robbery, reduced to a fine art.* The victims are held up without being given a chance to fight. This Mr. Thomas demonstrates lucidly. He then proposes a remedy. As this is the most important part of the book, we will give it in his own words:

"The final solution of the trust problem will be found in the results arising from free competition, a condition shown to be impossible under the present system. In order to bring this condition into existence, we must give full scope to co-operation. We must allow economic savings to be effected, we must permit the elimination of the unnecessary, we must leave the law of selection to accomplish its full purpose. *When private competition fails, public competition should begin.* The contest would then assume the aspect of a struggle between systems.

"While private corporations competed it was a destructive war between things of the same kind—things which depended upon the same vital principle for their existence; but when public competition enters the field the struggle begins between two entirely different sorts of things. They have little in comnom. It is a contest between systems."

Chapter IX. further explains Mr. Thomas' theory:

"If the government competed, selling its product at cost, the trust could not get a higher price; therefore the only effect of a tariff wall would be to keep all the work in the United States. This was really the main purpose which protection was intended to serve. With public competition the manufacturer would no longer be the recipent of special advantages; but if such a policy were beneficial its advantages would accrue to all the people. The trusts would no longer be able to earn billions with which to acquire control of every thing in sight."

It will be seen, therefore, that Mr. Thomas proposes that the Government should establish, say, a Steel Plant, a Sugar Refinery, a

an Oil Refinery, and compete with the Steel Trust, the Sugar Trust and the Standard Oil.

It is quite evident to my mind that private competition will not meet governmental competition, and that the ultimate result of the theory proposed would be Socialism,—that is to say, the Government would operate all industries.

Crackerlings and Caramels. By C. H. Beazley, Leesburg, Ga. (Price $1.)

This is a paper bound volume which contains a very great variety of mental product. Most of it is poetry, the quality of which is exceedingly good. The range of thought is all the way from the humorous character sketch to the very fine example of deep feeling and true expression which we give in the extract which appears below:

PUT YOURSELF IN MY PLACE.

It is true that the courts should be honored,
And the law take its course, as they say,
But the law, it was made for a human,
And the brute must be hunted to bay.

Do we weep when the tiger is slaughtered?
Do we grieve when the serpent is dead?
Spare the tear for the fiend as he dangles?
What is lost when the bullet has sped?

There are times when the law should be honored,
There are passions that mock at the law,
Could you bind the black fiend by a precept?
Can you bridle the tempest with straw?

How I think of the home in the clearing,
In the shade of the clambering vines,
Where the bees in the cotton are droning,
And the winds half asleep in the pines.

Where the mockingbird sang to the starlight
Through the night when my labors were o'er,
And the moonlight fell fretted with shadows
Through the roses that shadowed the door;

And the wife that had brightened the cabin,
While I sang as I plowed in the farm,
How I kissed her in leaving one morning
Never thinking or dreaming of harm.

And the baby at play on the pallet
In the yard 'neath the shade of the trees
Pleaded, "Papa, bing tandy to baby—
An' a dolly, and marbles'es, pese."

Then I hitched up the mule to the wagon,
Started off through the field to the town,
While a measure of corn she was feeding
To the chickens that fluttered around.

There are tigers that wait in the jungle;
There are brutes seeking honor and life;
Hidden deep in the growth of the sorghum
Lay a demon in wait for my wife.

But I whistled and sang as I travelled,
Till a horse that was covered with foam
Clattered up, and the neighbor that rode him,
Shouted, "Bill, you are needed at home."

Turn about and put speed in the going
Says the law, it's a life for a life;
But the law may delay in the doing,
Seek the brute that has murdered your wife.

But a shriek, and I do not remember
Any more or the way that we went
Till the baby cried, "Papa, where tandy?"
Then I wakened and over her bent.

On her throat were the prints of his fingers,
There was blood on the ground at her side,
There were rents in her dress from the struggle—
"To the rope with the demon", I cried.

By the noon there were hounds on the trackage,
And the neighbors were ready to ride.
"Seek the brute, *While he lives there is danger*,
You've a hundred true men at your side."

Then they searched all the woods and thickets
Through the whole of the night and the day,
In a swamp at the break of the morning
Stood the hounds with the quarry at bay.

It is true that the courts should be honored,
But the home comes ahead of the law;
At the best, sir, the courts they are tardy
And the lawyers fashion a flaw;

But the limb and the halter are certain,
And the rifle is sure with its ball;
Your daughter is safe from his clutches,
My wife, sir, is murdered, that's all.

You may talk of the law and its doings,
Blighted homes all the law can efface,
Only pause for a moment in judging,
Only think you were filling my place.

The character of the volume will be better understood if we give the title to some of the more interesting poems and sketches which it contains:

Roses and Regrets, He Lied Like a Gentleman (prose), The Boarding House Stairs, When Grandpa Sang His Himes, As the Long Years Flow, The Plowman, Shadows and Sunshine, The Old Meetin' House, Mother's Bible, The Dead of the Gray, Farmin' Don't Pay, Romance of Jim Jones, My Slab Sided Hound, Christmas in Lee.

Included in this great store of really good literary production are some dialect poems written in choice "nigger-talk", as "Aunt Dinah and the Auto." Another is "Different Folks Has Different Notions."

The author is certainly gifted with a rare intellectuality, and he has produced a book that richly deserves to live.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT

Address JEFFERSONIAN PATTERN DEPARTMENT, Thomson, Ga.

8646—LADIES' SEVEN GORE SKIRT WITH PLAITED INSET.

A graceful model is here shown. The side gores have plaited insets under short extensions that are button trimmed. The model will develop well in any of the pretty new weaves in homespun or worsted, and is equally suited to mohair, panama, wash fabrics or silk. The pattern is cut in five sizes, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 inches waist measure, and requires 4 1-2 yards of 44-inch material for the 24-inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

5560—MEN'S YOKE NIGHT SHIRT.

This design for a night shirt is shapely and comfortably fitted by shoulder and underarm seams. The fullness in the back is gathered to

a straight yoke, and the neck is completed by a turned down collar. The sleeves are finished by pointed cuffs. Cambric, muslin and outing flannel, are all suitable for the making. The medium size will require 4 1-2 yards of 36-inch material. Sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches, breast measure.

The pattern here illustrated will be mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents.

657-714—DAINTY LINGERIE

All designs in underwear that tend to increase the flare at the lower edge while keeping a smooth, close fit about the waist, are much in vogue. A pleasing mode of this order is here illustrated. The corset cover is made with the front fulness gathered to a round yoke, which affords a good place for a simple design in hand embroidery. The drawers are cut on excellent lines, and being circular in shape, provide the necessary fulness without extra bulk. French cambrice, with lace, hand embroiderery and ribbon-run beading is represented, but several materials such as nainsook, lawn and longcloth are adapfable, and any preferred mode of decoration may be used. For 36 inches bust measure 1 1-8 yards of 36-inch material will be required for the corset cover and 2 1-2 yards for the drawers.

Ladies' Corset Cover, No. 657.

Sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches, bust measure.

Ladies' Fench Open Drawers, No. 714.

Sizes for 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches, waist measure.

This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents for each in silver or stamps.

8323—LADIES' TUCKE4 SHIRTWAIST.

A simple tucked shirtwaist is always well liked. The one here illustrated is made with two tucks over the shoulders. The model is easily made and always smart for wear with a coat suit or separate skirt. It requires no trimming, but may be made in a combination of materials. Chiffon cloth, voile, cashmere, soft silk or light weight satin may be used for its development. The pattern is cut in six sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches, bust measure, and requires 3 3-4 yards of 27-inch material for the 36-inch size.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

8629—A DAINTY DRESS FOR MOTHER'S LITTLE GIRL.

A very pretty party dress may be developed from this design—in lawn or handkerchief linen, with yoke of lace or "allover" embroidery. For general wear, galatea, gingham, or percale are practical and serviceable and are not at all unattractive, if brightenced up with white trimming or stitching. The front yoke is shaped, the back yoke is cut square. The fulness under the yoke may be gathered or tucked. The sleeve is of the bishop style with a band cuff at the wrist. The pattern is cut in four sizes, 2, 4, 6, 8 years, and requires five yards of 24-inch material for the 6-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

8617—GIRL'S DRESS.

A Smart Dress for Wash or Woolen Fabrics

A smart little frock is here portrayed. The yoke may be omitted. The fronts and back have box plaits over the shoulder, while groups of tucks hold the fulness at the center. In white linen with stitching for a finish, or of lawn with the box plaits of insertion, this model will be very effective. The pattern is cut in four sizes, 2, 4, 6, 8 years, and requires 3 yards of 36-inch material for the 6-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

8631—LADIES' SHIRT WAIST.

A Tailored Shirt Waist.

Butcher's linen was used to develop this very smart and serviceable model. It is made with deep tucks over the shoulder and the front forms a revers over the left side . The back is tucked to correspond with the front. The pattern adapted to lawn, madras, chambrey, linen, French flannel or silk. It is cut in six sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 inches, bust measure, and requires 2 1-4 yards of 44-inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

8454—A PRACTICAL OUTFIT FOR THE BUSY WOMAN.

The busy housekeeper will not fail to recognize in the accompanying illustration, a most attratctive and practical outfit, consisting of apron, cap, and sleeves. It will afford protection to the daintiest gown, and will leave the hair neat and tidy even after a busy morning's work. The front is cut in Princess style and fits close to the figure. A prettily shaped bib extends out over the shoulders in a manner very becoming. Gingham was used for the making, but percale, linen and Holland are suggested. The medium size will require 4 3-8 yards of 36-inch material for the apron with 1 5-8 yards extra for the cap and sleeves. Sizes, Small, Medium, Large.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

AN ATTRACTIVE GOWN.

8634—Ladies' Yoke Skirt, 8650, Ladies' Waist Round Yoke.

Pale blue messaline was used for this model with bands of Japanese embroidery for trimming. The skirt may be finished with or without the back panel, as illustrated, and the waist made with high or low neck edge. For a gown for afternoon wear, with skirt in "street" length, panama, serge or cashmere would be appropriate. The waist pattern is cut in six sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 inches,

bust measure, and requires 2 3-4 yards of 36-inch material for the 36-inch size. Skirt cut in sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 inches, waist measure, and requires 5 1-2 yards of 36-inch material for the 24-inch size.

This illustration calls for two separate patterns and will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each, in silver or stamps.

8354—DAINTY ONE PIECE NIGHT DRESS.

Nothing daintier could be imagined than this pretty night robe, cut with back, front and sleeve all in one piece. The low, round neck is simply finished by lace and ribbon-run beading, and is large enough to slip on easy over the head. Muslin, cambric, batiste and nainsook are all used for the making. The pattern is cut in three sizes, Small, Medium and Large. The medium size requires 6 yards of 36-inch material.

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A FEW SMILES

TO WOMAN.

Oh woman with the serpent's tail
In gold about your pulses pale;
And with the alligator's skin
Done up to put your money in;
Likewise the marten's tiny claws;
His legs, his body, and his jaws,
I vow 'tis marvelous to see
You decked in your menagerie.

The ostrich plume is on your head;
Likewise the pigeon, cold and dead.
While close against it can be spied
Some portions of the ermine's hide.
And farther down your form reveals
Large fragments of departed seals,
While, fixed aloft, a rooster crows,
Complete except his spurs and toes.

The vagrant fox for you has died;
You wear him for a stole with pride.
Made in a muff, you fondly wear
The ruins of a grizzly bear.
The mouse, the rabbit and the cat
Bestrew your curves from heels to hat,
And e'en the beetle makes his lair
Imprisoned in your lustrous hair.

Oh, woman! with the redbird's breast,
The bluebird's wing, the parrot's crest,
The egret's plume, the heron's, too;
The quills that once the eagle knew,
Let us be thankful while we may,
We men who gaze at you today,
That we, despite our earnest care,
Are not beautiful enough to war.

—*Literary Magazine.*

Daniel O'Connell Lively, of Portland, Oregon, who is somewhat of a booster himself, tells a story of two Seattle boosters who met in Portland.

"Hello, Bill."

"Hello, Jim!"

"When'd you come down from Seattle?"

"I left yesterday morning."

"I came down last night, and say, Bill—".

"What?"

"Jee-rusalem! You ought to see her now!"
—*Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.*

WONDERFUL DAIRY.

Two Kentucky Colonels were showing an Englishman what a wonderful country the South is. When the Briton had traveled from Baltimore to the Mississippi, he said: "Yes, the South is a fine country, but you have no industries here."

"No industries," retorted Colonel Smith, with indignation. "Why, suh, Colonel Robinson in Kentucky has a dairy where he produces a million pounds of butter and a million pounds of cheese a month."

"Impossible!" said the Englishman.

Colonel Smith turned to his fellow for corroboration.

"I don't know how much butter and cheese Colonel Robinson produces a month," said the second Kentuckian, "but I do know that he has twelve sawmills and he runs them all with buttermilk."—*Circle Magazine.*

DISTRACTING GAME.

VISITOR (in Washington)—"Why is it that the Capital of the United States can't support a better baseball club?"

RESIDENT—"My dear sir, it's providential that we haven't a first-class ball team here. If we had, by George, there wouldn't be any business transacted either in Congress or the White House during the entire league season."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Dr. Edward Everett Hale was a foe to long sermons. He used to tell a story of a long-winded preacher and the minor prophets.

"This preacher," so Dr. Hale would begin, "once preached over an hour on the four greater prophets, and then, when his exhausted congregation thought he was through, he took a long breath, turned a fresh page, and, leaning over the pulpit, said:

"'We now come to the more complex question of the minor prophets. First let us assign to them their proper order. Where, brethren, shall we place Hosea?'

"An irascible old gentleman in the back pew rose, took his hat and stick, and said as he departed:

"'Place him here, if you want to. I'm going.'"—*Kansas City Star.*

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